

Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER

THE

WEEKLY
FOR

PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. I. No. 39.

BRADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

98 William Street.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

TERMS: \$2.50 per Annum, in advance.
\$1.25 for Six Months.

Price 5 Cents.



"HULLO! WHO'S THIS, EH? HAIN'T BEEN GETTIN' A HUSBAND SINCE I'VE BEEN AWAY, HAVE YOU?"

RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON; OR, The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Heart of Fire," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OFFER OF THE SHAWNEE CHIEF.

BOONE and the chief of the Shawnees were alone together in the Indian wigwam. The white man wondered why the Indian had dismissed his warriors. He guessed that the chief had probably something to say to him privately, and which he did not wish the others to hear; but of the nature of that communication he could not form the least idea.

Ke-ne-ha-ha surveyed the prisoner for a moment in silence.

The dim light of the fire illuminated the interior of the wigwam, so that each could plainly distinguish the face of the other.

At length the chief spoke.

"The pale-face is a great warrior in his nation—many red chiefs have fallen by his hand."

"Yes, but it was in fair fight, man to man," replied the scout.

"The squaws of the slain braves mourn for their loss—they call upon the chief of the Shawnees to give them the blood of the white-skin who has stained his hand red with the blood of the Shawnee. The tears of the widowed wives fall thick upon the ground. The heart of Ke-ne-ha-ha is sad when he thinks of the brave warriors that the pale-face has sent to the happy hunting-grounds. Why should not the Long Rifle die by the hand of the red-man?"

"What on earth is the use of askin' any such foolish question?" cried Boone, impatiently. "You know very well that you're going to put an end to me, if you can. As for the blood that I've shed of your nation, I've always struck in self-defense. If any of your warriors feel aggrieved, I'm ready to meet 'em—even two to one—and give them all the satisfaction that they want."

Ke-ne-ha-ha looked at the white keenly as he uttered the bold defiance.

"Ugh! When the hunters catch the bear they do not let him go free again, nor do they let the Long Rifle go free now that they have caught him. The red chiefs will punish the warrior who has killed their brothers, without risking their lives against him. The fire is burning now before the council-lodge of the Shawnee. When it burns to-morrow, the white hunter will be in its center, and the angry flames shall lap up his blood. The ashes of the Long Rifle alone shall remain to tell of the vengeance of the red chiefs." The Indian still looked with searching eyes into the face of the prisoner as he told of the manner of his death. But if the Shawnee chief expected to see there the signs of fear, he was disappointed, for the iron-like muscles of Boone's face never moved.

"Why in thunder do you want to tell a fellow that he's a-going to be roasted?" asked Boone, coolly. "Won't it be time enough for me to find out when you tie me to the stake, and I see the smoke a-rising around me?"

The Indian was evidently annoyed that his words had not made more impression upon the scout.

"The white-skin does not fear death, then?" the chief asked.

"Yes, I do," answered Boone; "I fear it

like thunder. Just you let me loose once, and see how I'll run from it. Lightning will be a fool to my heels."

The joking manner of the scout puzzled the red warrior. He knitted his brows for a moment, as if in deep thought. Then again he spoke.

"The white chief is a brave warrior. What would he give to escape the fire-death of the Shawnees?"

Boone couldn't exactly understand the meaning of the chief's words, though the question that he asked seemed plain enough.

"To-morrow?" said Boone; then to his mind came the thought that, before that morrow came, something might happen to aid him to escape. "Well, until to-morrow will do, though it's a mighty short time for a man to make up his mind on such a ticklish question as this."

"To-morrow then my brother will say whether he will become a Shawnee or be burnt at the stake to appease the unquiet souls of the brave warriors that his hand has sent to the happy hunting-grounds?"

"Yes," answered Boone, "to-morrow you shall have my answer." But, even as he spoke, in his heart he prayed that some lucky accident might aid him ere the night was over.

"It is good," replied the chief, gravely. "Let my brother open his ears. The chief of the Shawnees would talk more."

"Go ahead, chief," said Boone, who wondered what was coming next.

"My brother is a great warrior; he has fought the Shawnees many times—fought also the Mingoes, the Delawares and the Wyandots. Many a red chief has leveled his rifle full at the heart of the white brave, but the bullet was turned aside by the 'medicine' of my brother. Is the chief a medicine-man?"

Boone understood the superstition of the Indians. He saw, too, that possibly he might use the belief of being invulnerable against rifle-ball to aid him in this desperate strait.

"The chief will be silent if I speak?" Boone asked, mysteriously.

"The heart of Ke-ne-ha-ha is like the pools of the Scioto—cast a stone into them, it sinks to the bottom and remains there. Shall the words of my brother sink into my heart?"

"I am a medicine-man."

"And bullet can not harm my brother?"

"No," said Boone, impressively; "but if I keep out of its way," he added, to himself.

The Indian looked at Boone for a moment in silence; a slight expression of awe was in his face. Then the chief came nearer to the old scout, and in a solemn tone, spoke:

"Has the white-skin ever heard of the Wolf Demon of the Shawnees?"

"Yes," answered the scout, somewhat surprised at the question.

"The Wolf Demon is the scourge of the Shawnee tribe. Many brave warriors have fallen by the tomahawk of the monster, and on their breasts he leaves his totem—a Red Arrow. Ke-ne-ha-ha is the great chief of the Shawnee nation; scalps hang thick in the smoke of his wigwam; he is not afraid of man or demon. But the scourge of the Shawnees fears to meet a warrior unless he is alone in the forest. Ke-ne-ha-ha has sought for the Wolf Demon, but he can not find him. The red chief would kill the monster that uses the totem of the Red Arrow. If my brother is a medicine-man, can he tell me where I may find the Wolf Demon?"

"I can not," answered Boone.

The chief looked disappointed.

"The red-man is sorry. He will see his brother in the morning." Then the chief stalked moodily from the lodge.

For an hour or more Boone remained in silence. The fire in the center of the lodge burnt out and darkness surrounded the scout.

Then to the keen ear of the woodman came the sound of a knife cutting through the skins that formed the walls of the wigwam.

A few minutes more and Boone, despite the gloom of the wigwam, could see that a dark form stood by his side.

The scout knew in an instant that it was a friend. He thought it either Lark or Kenton that had so aptly come to his assistance.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

ON the morning following the day on which the young stranger, Harvey Winthrop, had been shot down in the little ravine by the Kanawha river, and Virginia was carried off by the villainous tools of Clement Murdock, to the lonely cabin on the other bank of the stream to that on which the settlement of Point Pleasant was located, Murdock again stood before the cabin. The stranger, Benton, and the drunken vagabond, Bob Tierson, had remained by the cabin, still wearing their Indian disguises.

"How does the girl bear it?" Murdock asked on joining the others. The three stood within the wood just beyond the little clearing.

"Oh, well enough," answered Benton. "I took her in some breakfast this morning. She's been crying all night, I reckon. I spoke Injun-fashion to her. She implored me to take her back to the settlement and promised all sorts of rewards."

"She'll be quite ready then to look upon me in the light of a deliverer, I suppose," said Murdock, a smile lighting up his sallow features.

"All you've got to do is to go in and win," said Bob, with a grin.

"That is just what I intend to do," replied Murdock, enjoying his triumph in anticipation.

"By the way, are they making any row in the settlement over the girl's disappearance?" asked Benton, carelessly.

"Yes, all the settlers have been scouring the forest since last night when her absence was discovered," answered Murdock.

"And her father—the old General—what does he say about it?"

"He is nearly crazy over the disappearance of his daughter. I nearly felt pity for the old man, but I consol'd myself by thinking how great his joy would be, when I brought his daughter back to him, and how glad he would be to receive as his son-in-law the man who, at the peril of his life, rescued her from the murdering red-skins." Murdock smiled grimly as he spoke.

"Well, dog my cats if it ain't as good as a show," said Bob, with a laugh all over his huge, ugly face, at the idea. "I shall have to be 'round to witness the interesting meeting."

"Yes; you must make yourself scarce as soon as I take the girl off; for you'll have the whole country on your trail. Of course I shall have to describe where I found her."

"But, s'pose they do come arter us, how kin we kiver up the trail?" asked Bob.

"Oh, easy enough," replied Murdock; "the moment you strike the trail on the other bank of the Kanawha, who can tell whether you go up or down. There's too many fresh marks on it for any one to be able to pick out yours."

"There isn't any danger," said Benton, calmly.

"Well, I'm glad of that, for I don't like any more danger than I've got to scratch through," observed Bob, and to his justifications he spoke the truth. Bob's reputation for bravery was not particularly good among the settlers of Point Pleasant.

"Did they discover the body of the young man that you knocked over with your rifle?" asked Benton.

"No," replied Murdock, and a slight bit of uneasiness was plainly perceptible in his tone.

"No?" said Benton, astonished.

"No," again said Murdock, "and I am somewhat puzzled to account for it. The searching parties must have passed through the ravine, it is so near the settlement. I can not understand it at all. I am sure that he was dead when we left him. You examined him, Bob. Did he show any signs of life?"

"Nary sign," replied Bob, emphatically.

But Bob's examination of the body of the man who had fallen by the bullet of Murdock's rifle, had been but a slight one, and Bob was not likely to be a very close observer or to be able to decide between life and death in a doubtful case.

"I can not understand it," said Murdock, absently. He was indeed sorely puzzled by the strange circumstance. The thought had occurred to him that, possibly, the shot that he had aimed with such deadly intent at the heart of his rival might have failed to accomplish the death of the young stranger. Perhaps his rival still lived and might attempt to wrest from him the prize that he had toiled so to gain. The thought was wormwood to him, yet he had brooded over it all the way through the forest, thought of little else from the time he left the settlement at Point Pleasant till he stood before the lonely cabin by the Kanawha. "He may have escaped death, but yet I do not see how it can possibly be. I am sure I hit him fairly, and I do not often have to fire twice at one mark."

"Why, that ain't a doubt but what he's gone under!" cried Bob.

"But I do not understand how it is that the settlers in searching for the girl did not come upon his body," said Murdock.

"It is strange," observed Benton. "Jist as easy as rollin' off a log," said Bob.

"What is?" questioned Murdock.

"The reason why they didn't find him."

"Is there a reason?"

"Of course," replied Bob, confidently.

"Didn't you tumble him over just before eightfall?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you s'pose the wolves would let him lay there all night? No sir."

"The wolves, possibly, may have made away with the body, but yet the bones would remain," Murdock said, thoughtfully.

"Why, no," said Bob, "the wolves would naturally drag the body off into the woods and the bones would be left that?"

Murdock breathed easier after this possible solution of the mystery. He had had a dreadful suspicion that he might see again in flesh the man whose life he had tried to take.

"Now, to put my plan in execution," Murdock said. "I shall enter the cabin by the hole in the ground at the back of the shanty, and represent to the girl that, at the peril of my life, I have come to save her."

"Oh, it will work easy enough," said Bob.

"I hope so; you had better wait till I get out of sight with the girl; then make your way back to the settlement," said Murdock.

"All right," replied Bob, while Benton silently nodded his head.

Then Murdock left the two and took a circle through the wood which would bring him to the back of the cabin.

Bob watched Murdock until he was out of sight; then he turned, abruptly, to Benton.

"Say, got any more corn-juice?" he asked.

"No," replied Benton, in a surly way.

"That's a pity," said Bob, reflectively.

"What did you want to go and drink it all up for?" asked Benton, indignantly.

Benton that morning had produced a large flask of whisky, and left it with Bob while he went off to shoot a squirrel for breakfast. On his return he found that Bob had drunk up the entire contents of the flask and was in a drunken slumber. He had just awakened out of it when Murdock came.

"It was 'tarnal good corn-juice," said Bob, smacking his lips at the remembrance.

"Well, you didn't leave any for me to taste, so I don't know whether it was or not," said Benton, in ill humor.

"You didn't come back, an' I make a p'int never to let whisky spill when I'm 'round to drink it up," explained Bob.

"The next time you get any of my whisky to drink, I reckon you'll know it," said Benton, significantly.

"Well, you needn't get riled at a feller," replied Bob.

From where the two stood they commanded a view of the cabin. Their astonishment was great when they beheld Murdock come from behind the cabin in evident agitation. He stopped before the door of the log-house, which was fastened on the outside by a rude bar—Murdock's device to prevent the escape of the prisoner. Then he beckoned for the two to come to him.

Astonished, they obeyed the gesture. Evidently something was the matter.

"Who saw the girl this morning?" demanded Murdock, when they approached.

"I did," responded Benton.

"At what time?"

"Just after sunrise."

"And you have watched the cabin since then?"

"No, I was off in the woods for a little while."

"But you remained," Murdock said, turning to Bob; "you watched the cabin in his absence."

"Of course I did," responded Bob, stoutly. "I never took my eyes off of it." Considering that he had been fast asleep for about two hours, of which time Benton had been away, Bob told his story with a good grace.

"I can not understand it," muttered Murdock, an angry cloud upon his brow. "The door is secure; the log behind, just as I left

The cabin itself, though situated far from the line of civilization, showed evident signs of human occupation.

The wild vines of the forest, transplanted from their native fastness, twined and bloomed about the rough logs that formed the walls of the cabin. And with the wild children of the wood grew red and white roses, the floral gems that art had plucked from nature.

A little garden patch, that showed plainly the traces of careful tending, was on the further side of the cabin and extended down near to the bank of the Kanawha.

This lonely cabin, far off in the wild woods, remote from civilization, was the home of the strange, wayward girl, whom the settlers at Point Pleasant called Kanawha Kate, and whom the red chiefs, in their fanciful way, termed the "Queen of the Kanawha."

In the interior of the lonely cabin a strange scene presented itself to view.

On a rude couch of deer-skins lay a man. He was moaning, helplessly, and as if in great pain.

The shirt that covered his manly breast was stained with blood.

From the position in which the wounded man lay—on his side, with his face buried in the folds of the deer-skin—his features were nearly concealed from view, yet from the pallor of the little part of his face that was visible, it was evident that the man had been stricken nigh to death.

By the side of the suffering man knelt the brown-cheeked beauty, Kanawha Kate.

Anxiously she bent over the stricken man. A little cup of the muddy water from the Kanawha was by her side, and with her hands, wet with the discolored drops, she bathed the feverish temples of the wounded man.

Tender as a mother nursing her first-born, the girl laved the hot flesh.

As the cooling touch of the wet, brown hand passed softly over his temples, it seemed to ease the pain that racked the muscular limbs.

The rigid lines of the face, distorted by the agony of pain, grew soft. The moans of anguish were stilled. The simple treatment of the girl was relieving the torture felt by the stranger.

Eagerly the girl watched the face and smiled when she saw the muscles relax and the painful breathing become low and regular.

"He will not die!" she cried, in joy, but barely speaking above a whisper, for fear of disturbing her patient.

"He will live and owe that life to me. Oh! what joy in the thought!" Then, in a few moments she remained silent, watching the pale face before her with many a long and loving look.

Few of the settlers at Point Pleasant who had seen Kanawha Kate roaming the forest, rifle in hand—as good a woodman as any one among them—would have guessed that, within the heart of the forest-queen was a world of tenderness and love.

They had seen her bring down the brown deer with a single shot, wing an eagle in his airy circle in the sky and bring the kingly bird, tumbling to earth. Had seen her when the Ohio, lashed into white, crested waves by the mad winds, bid defiance to the boldest boatman, to dare to cross it, launch her dug-out and fearlessly commit herself to the mercy of the dashing waters.

How could they guess that with the dauntless courage of a lion, she also possessed the tender and loving heart of a woman? But, so it was.

"It was Heaven that sent me to his aid," she murmured, gazing fondly on the white face.

"How beautiful he is; how unlike the rough fellows in yonder settlement," and the girl's lip curled contemptuously as she spoke.

"He is a king to them. Oh! what would I not give to win his love; but, that thought is folly. I am despised by all; but no, there is one who speaks fairly to and thinks kindly of me—Virginia Treveling. She has a noble heart. She is the only one in yonder settlement who has not treated me with scorn, and yet fate has decreed that we shall stand in each other's way." Mournful was the voice of the girl as the words came from her lips; sorrowful was the look upon her face.

"It is a hopeless passion that I am nourishing in my heart. I must not love him, for I can never hope to win a return of that love."

Sadly she looked upon the wounded man.

A footfall outside the cabin attracted her attention. Quickly she bounded to her feet and seized the rifle that hung over the rude fireplace. Then she stood still and listened.

"Who can it be that seeks the home of the outcast girl?" she murmured, as with eager ears, every sense on the alert, she listened.

"Can it be one of the settlers from Point Pleasant? No; but few of them know of my dwelling-place, and fewer still would care to seek it. Is it a red-skin? No, I would not have heard his footfall if he comes in malice."

Then the girl heard the sound of footsteps approaching the house.

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl, suddenly, as a thought flashed through her mind; "perhaps it is his foes coming to seek him," and her glance was on the wounded man

as she spoke. "If so, they had better have sought the den of the wolf or the nest of the rattlesnake than my cabin. They must kill me before they shall harm him."

Hardly had the speech come from her lips when a bold knock sounded on the door.

"Who is there?" cried Kate.

The door—a heavy one, braced strongly—was barred on the inside, and was fully stout enough to defy the strength of a dozen men, let alone one.

"Open and you will see," responded a hoarse voice.

The girl started when the tones fell upon her ears.

"Can it be he?" she muttered, and wonder was in her voice.

"Why don't you answer, gal?" exclaimed the voice of the stranger. "Don't you know me, or have you forgotten your own flesh and blood?"

"It is my father," she murmured, but there was little love in the tones.

Then, without further parley she unbarred the door. It swung back slowly on its rusty hinges and a tall, powerful-built man, clad in a deer-skin garb fashioned after the Indian style, entered the room.

The stranger was the same man whom we have seen in the Shawnee village, Girty's companion, by name, David Kendrick.

He, too, like Girty, was execrated by the settlers. An adopted son of the great Shawnee nation; with his red brothers he had stained his hands in the blood of the men whose skins were white like his own.

There was little love expressed in the face of Kate as she looked upon her father, for the renegade, Kendrick, bore that relation to her, though by the inhabitants of Point Pleasant it was generally supposed that she was some relation to Girty; but that was not the truth.

"Well, gal, how are you?" questioned the new-comer, roughly. But before the girl could reply, the eyes of Kendrick fell upon the figure of the wounded man stretched upon the couch of skins.

"Hello! who's this, eh? Hain't been gettin' a husband since I've been up in the Shawnee country, have you?"

"No," answered the girl, scornfully and quickly.

"Needn't get riled 'bout it," said the father, bluntly. "Who is he, anyway?"

"A wounded stranger whose life I have been trying to save."

"I s'pose you're in love with him, eh?" asked Kendrick, with a covert glance from under his heavy brows at the girl.

"In love with him! What good would it do me to fall in love with any decent white man? Am I not your daughter? the child of a renegade?" exclaimed the girl, bitterly.

"Better come with me and I'll find you a husband in some of the great chiefs of the Shawnee nation."

"I'd blow out my brains with my own rifle first," cried the girl, angrily.

"You have seen her?" Lurlie questioned, with an eager look into Bertrand's face.

"Yes, and found out all the particulars of her life."

"You will tell me where she is, so that I can see her, that I may imprint upon her innocent forehead a mother's kiss?" Lurlie's voice was full of emotion as she spoke.

"No," replied Bertrand, coldly.

"You will not tell me where she is, so that I can once more look upon her face?"

"No."

"And why not?" The angry blood swelled in Lurlie's veins as she spoke.

"Because I will not. The secret that I possess of your child's whereabouts is the only hold I have upon you. Once in possession of that secret, you would defy me as you have already tried to do."

"Bertrand, I implore you, by all that is good and holy in this world, do not keep a mother from her child! The love I bear to my girl is the only pure passion that has ever filled my heart. I know that I am utterly, thoroughly bad, with the single exception of that one love. Give me, then, some chance to save my soul from eternal perdition. My child may save me. For her sake I may become a better woman. Oh, Bertrand, your heart can not be all stone! Can you listen to my prayers—the prayers of a mother—and not grant my request?"

For a few moments Lurlie was silent, Busy thoughts were, flashing across her brain. There was a peculiar expression upon her face that Bertrand did not like. His keen eyes, eagerly watching her features, noted the change of expression.

"No, he's the one," answered one of the other two, and the tone of the voice betrayed that it was old Casper, Lurlie's father, that spoke.

"We'll lay him now, you bet!" said Dick, emphatically.

By this time Bertrand had reached State street, and then he halted on the corner and looked up the street.

"He's going to take a car," said Dick.

The three had sought the shelter of a doorway to conceal them from Bertrand, should he chance to turn around.

"What shall we do?" asked the smallest of the three, Dick Goff's partner, who was known as Tommy Bedford, and who was a bright and shining light among the shadow-hitters of the Garden City.

"We had better walk right up to the corner and then walk down the street a little way, and there wait till he gets on board of a car, then we can get on the front platform," said Casper.

"And we kin keep our eyes on him like a mite," said Goff, with a hoarse chuckle.

Acting on the suggestion, the three left the shelter of the doorway and walked boldly up the street.

They passed Tasnor, who, standing on the corner, busy in thought, did not notice them at all.

The three walked down the block about half way, then they halted.

"Now, if he changes his mind and don't take a car, why we kin keep our eyes on him just the same," explained Casper.

"And if he does take a car, why do he kin foller him too?" said Dick, with a grin.

"Exactly," replied Casper.

The three did not have long to wait, for

THE RUINED ABBEY.

BY H. H. W.

Wrapt half in sunshine, all in solitude,
Beside a stream, a ruined abbey stood;
The green moss clings to its old walls,
Over its crumbled ruins the ivy crawls;
In its old belfry the silver chimes
Lent gladness to the land in other times;
There holy vows were made to God,
And pious monks its halls once trod.
In stormy times it firmly stood,
A place of shelter for the good;
And here received even the poor,
Their humble blessings at the door;
On front its walls the monks came forth,
To lend their aid to deeds of worth.
At night, 'tis said, faint lights are seen,
And monks move by with lowly men,
The black cowl loosely o'er their hung,
While to themselves weird chants are sung;
But still its crumbing ruins stand,
Ghost of its inmates in the Spirit Land.

The Heart of Fire:

MOTHER vs. DAUGHTER.

A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND."

CHAPTER XXVII.

LURLIE'S CHILD.

For a moment Lurlie looked into the pitiless face of the man who was glowering upon her, and then, with a low moan of anguish, she sank into a chair by which she stood.

A look of fierce exultation swept over Bertrand's features as he beheld her stern and stony face.

"Aha!" he cried, in triumph. "I have found a way at last to tame your haughty spirit. The third blow is more powerful than the others, is it not, Lurlie?"

The woman did not reply to the taunting question, but buried her face in her hands in anguish.

"Now then, will you be reasonable, and yield to my demands?" he asked.

"Oh, my poor baby!" she moaned.

"She has grown to womanhood—a beautiful girl, but though she is beautiful, she does not resemble you in the least, nor me, either, for that matter. She is a strange compound of both of us in looks, but as report speaks of her as an angel, it is very clear that she does not resemble either of us in disposition," Bertrand said, sarcastically.

"Oh, how I have longed to see my child!" Lurlie said, feebly. "Many a night have I lain awake in the long, still hours, wondering what her fate had been—wondering if my child had been doomed to pass her young days in the self-same misery that had clouded all my early life."

"She has been happy enough," replied Bertrand, carelessly. "She does not carry in her bosom the heart of fire that burns in yours. Her life has been one of toil, but in that toll she has been happy."

"You have seen her?" Lurlie questioned, with an eager look into Bertrand's face.

"Yes, and found out all the particulars of her life."

"You will tell me where she is, so that I can see her, that I may imprint upon her innocent forehead a mother's kiss?" Lurlie's voice was full of emotion as she spoke.

"No," replied Bertrand, coldly.

"You will not tell me where she is, so that I can once more look upon her face?"

"No."

"And why not?" The angry blood swelled in Lurlie's veins as she spoke.

"Because I will not. The secret that I possess of your child's whereabouts is the only hold I have upon you. Once in possession of that secret, you would defy me as you have already tried to do."

"Bertrand, I implore you, by all that is good and holy in this world, do not keep a mother from her child! The love I bear to my girl is the only pure passion that has ever filled my heart. I know that I am utterly, thoroughly bad, with the single exception of that one love. Give me, then, some chance to save my soul from eternal perdition. My child may save me. For her sake I may become a better woman. Oh, Bertrand, your heart can not be all stone! Can you listen to my prayers—the prayers of a mother—and not grant my request?"

For a few moments Lurlie was silent, Busy thoughts were, flashing across her brain. There was a peculiar expression upon her face that Bertrand did not like. His keen eyes, eagerly watching her features, noted the change of expression.

"Is my child now in Chicago?" she asked, quietly.

"I shall not answer that question," he said.

"Then she is not in the city?"

"I think that will be difficult for you to find out," he said, smirking.

"Perhaps so." There was a lurking devil visible in the eyes of Lurlie as she spoke.

"Well, have you concluded to yield to my demand?"

"No," replied Lurlie, firmly.

"What?" cried Bertrand, fiercely. "You wish me then to strike you through your child?"

"You can not do so!" said Lurlie, coldly.

"I can not do so! What do you mean?"

"Why, that I have guessed your cleverly planned device. You thought to work upon my fears for my child to force me to do your will. You have lied to me. You do not know where my daughter is; you do not know whether she is living or dead."

"You will soon see!" exclaimed Bertrand, angrily.

"Yes, I will soon see whether my child

is in Chicago or not. To-morrow I will

have every detective officer in this city in

search of her. I have plenty of money,

Bertrand Tasnor—money that I will use,

not to buy your silence, but to find my

a car coming past Bertrand, he hailed it and got on board.

When the car reached the three, who were tracking Bertrand so carefully, they also got on, but without stopping the car, and took possession of the front platform.

Bertrand, whose thoughts were far from being pleasant ones, annoyed, and out of temper, paid little heed to what was passing around him. He had no idea that three pair of sharp eyes were eagerly fixed upon him and were watching his every movement.

At Madison street, Bertrand left the car and proceeded in the direction of the west side.

The three watchers also left the car and again followed, cautiously, in the footsteps of their destined victim.

"If he's a-goin' to cross the bridge now, the center of it would be a good place to go for him," said Dick.

"Yes, but he'll hear our footsteps behind him," said Casper.

"I can fix it," replied Dick. "I'll get ahead of him, cross the bridge, and then turn and meet him about the center of it. Tommy, here, kin foller purty close on his heels. I s'pose you don't want to be mixed up in the row?"

"No, of course not. I shouldn't pay you if I was going to put the man out of the way myself," growled Casper.

"In course; that's natural," said Dick, with a grin, "but I thought that maybe you'd like to have a hand in the fun. But, please yourself and you'll please me. Well, as I were a-sayin', Tommy an' I'll go for him on the bridge. You kin stay at the end, and then arter we lay him out, you kin hand over the greenbacks. Ain't that fair?"

"Yes, that's all right," replied Casper.

"We'll go for him, then," said Dick, coolly, just as if he was proposing that they should all go and take something. "Mind, Tommy; foller him purty close. I'm off." And with the parting cauion, Dick left the other two and hastened onward.

He soon overtook and passed Bertrand. That personage, walking slowly onward, his eyes fixed on the ground, moody and abstracted, took little heed of the man who went by him so rapidly. Besides, the night was very dark, and one could hardly see a dozen paces before him.

Tommy and Casper quickened their walk a little and soon came within ten paces of Bertrand.

Tasnor reached the bridge and disappeared in the gloom that enshrouded it.

Casper halted on the edge of the bridge.

"When you have finished him, come here and you shall have the money," he said.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Be sure you finish him," said Casper, and he spoke as coolly as though he was planning the death of a blind kitten.

"Don't you worry; he'll never know what hurt him," and then the ruffian followed the footsteps of Bertrand, and the ink-like gloom soon hid his form from old Casper's watching eyes.

"He'll soon be out of the way," muttered Casper, to himself, as he watched the figure of the rough disappear in the darkness. "Once he is dead, he won't be apt to trouble my little gal any more. It's funny that Lurie never told me about this feller before. I s'pose, though, she hated to speak of him."

Then Casper listened eagerly. He could hear the distant footfalls sounding, faintly, on the bridge.

"They'll be at it soon," he muttered, as intently he strained every sense to catch the sound of the struggle that would bring freedom or death.

Suddenly the sound of the footsteps ceased. Either the two had passed out of hearing, or else they were pausing and preparing for the struggle, and yet that was unlikely, for, if Bertrand had discovered the trap laid for him, he was not the man to meet his death without a desperate struggle for his life.

"It's lucky for us that that ain't anybody 'round," muttered Casper; "but, what kin they be waitin' for? They ought to have settled him by this time."

"Ah!" and Casper listened, eagerly.

From the center of the bridge came the sound as if a slight scuffle was taking place there—such a noise as a couple of young men would be apt to make skylarking together.

"Tain't much of a rumpus," muttered Casper, as eagerly he listened. Then, as suddenly as it had commenced, the noise ceased.

Following the scuffle, borne on the wings of the night-wind, came the sound of a stifled groan, and then again all was still.

"They've fixed him!" cried the old man, in glee, and he rubbed his hands together, cheerfully, as he spoke.

Then he heard the sound of stealthy steps approaching him, rapidly, from the gloom.

The two were Goff and Bedford.

"Come on," said Goff, in a hoarse voice, as he passed, rapidly, by old Casper; "there's some one coming on the underside of the bridge. Whoever it is, they'll be apt to disliver the cove we've laid out, and we'd better be goin'."

Without a word Casper followed the two.

A couple of blocks down the street, by a lamp-post, the party halted.

"Now then, old man; shell out," said Goff, tersely.

"You've finished him all right?"

"Yes, a straight Hick right through the heart."

"And he made no struggle?"

"How could he? we didn't give him a chance. I pretended to be drunk and tumbled ag'in' him, then when he held me up, I let him have it. One good lick. He never even hollered; he only moaned like, and then went down like a stuck pig."

"Why didn't you throw the body into the river?"

"Why didn't I? Wouldn't the splash have made noise enough for to bring some down onto us?"

"That's true; but come, fork over the soap."

Casper counted the bills into the brawny paw of the rough.

"There, that is correct, isn't it?" he asked ed.

"That is O. K.," replied Dick, stowing away the bills in a greasy wallet, "and, I say, the next time you've got a job like this, don't forget your humble servants to command!"

"That's all right?"

"Good-night, old man. Come, Tommy, let's be travellin'." And the two roughs crossed over the street, and turning down Wells street were soon lost to sight.

"He's out of the way, then," muttered the old man. "I must go and see Lurie the first thing in the morning and tell her that I've fixed the job up all straight. It wasn't half as much trouble as I expected it would be."

"No; he feared to come. I was not the only man in Arkansas that thirsted for revenge upon him. I met a dozen or so rough Union men from Northwestern Arkansas—the Boston mountain region—who had a little debt to settle with this same Bertrand Tasnor. But they, like myself, were disappointed. He had evidently scented danger and kept out of the way."

"It is hardly possible that you should meet him now after this lapse of years," said Lurie.

"Middough, I have noticed that the most impossible things happen, sometimes, in this world. It does seem improbable that I should ever meet this man again, and yet, the conviction is gradually taking possession of my mind that I shall, and speedily, too."

"And then?"

"I think I will close the account between us, and the ending will be a bloody one," replied Kenwood, moodily.

"And he is—he?" Lurie halted in the question.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"He's passed in his cheeks. He won't bother you no more, you kin bet on that."

"Oh, father, if you only knew the misery that that man has caused me," said Lurie, shuddering as she thought of the past.

"All correct," said Tommy, drawing an ugly-looking Bowie-knife from beneath his shabby coat. "You won't hear no noise for to speak of, 'cos these dogs bites werry sharp but never bark at all," and he held up the knife as he spoke.

"Human life isn't worth much in Chicago," said the girl, with a sad smile.</p



Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL can be had of any Newsdealer in the United States or Canada. Persons residing in New York, or those wishing to send or receive their papers direct to or from us, will be supplied at the following rates, invariably in advance.

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, six months \$1.25

One year 2.50

Five copies, 12.50

One year 11.25

Ten copies, 20.00

Terms to News Agents:

Whole numbers, 35 cents each.

Retail Dealers, 50 cents each.

The Publishers suggest that when a Newsdealer is convenient, readers will obtain this paper with perfect regularity by leaving their names with such dealers.

To Contributors.—All contributions remitted must be fully prepaid, and also stamps inclosed for the MS. return, if it is not available. We can not assume any responsibility in the preservation of MSS. not so marked; therefore, any author should inclose a sufficient number of stamps as a premium, which will secure the early returning of the matter. All manuscripts will receive early and careful consideration.—Authors will please be careful to address their inclosures to "BEADLE AND COMPANY, 98 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.".

The postage on a package so marked, is two cents for every four ounces. If not so marked the postage will be one more letter rate, viz: three cents for every four ounces.—In the choice of matter, preference will be given to those contributions (excellence being equal) which are shortest.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Standing Notice to Writers for the Press.

Postage on all remittances to us must be fully prepaid to be received.

The "book rates" postage—viz., 2 cents for each four ounces or fraction thereof—is only permissible on packages open at one or both ends. If closed envelopes are used, full letter postage is chargeable, viz., 3 cents each half-ounce.

Never inclose with a manuscript any letter to editor or publisher. This subjects the package to full letter postage. All communications to editor or publisher should be in a separate envelope.

No manuscript returned unless stamp for such return are inclosed with the manuscript. This rule is inflexible. We can not preserve MSS. to be held for future orders or correspondence.

In writing to editor or publisher for information of any nature whatever, always inclose stamp for reply; otherwise no attention will be paid to the inquiry.

Writers are informed that we can not accept any MSS. which demands revision before use. If authors do not know how to write a perfectly correct manuscript, they can not write acceptably or successfully.

A Graceful and Brilliant Story

From the ever welcome hand of Dr. WM. MASON TURNER, is in hand ready for early use. It is a romance of College Life—showing us that Seniors and Freshmen are just as liable to worship at the Shrine of Woman, and to feel the pang of jealous rivalry, as other mortals. The author has seized upon the thread of a romantic life incident to give us a somewhat peculiar creation in love and passion literature. The interest which he centers in two College Chums is, to say the least, uncommon. To the lovers of love and heart stories, this new serial will prove very welcome, and make them repeat their already heartily expressed litanies at the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

A FAVORITE WITH ALL.

Contributors and Correspondents.

Not to be too severe, we may say BETTER IS WORSE, is precisely what the title implies. MS. returned, and overpaid postage (strange phenomenon!) is reinclosed.

Celia's TEN DAYS is much too elaborated. The incident is well enough for a sketch of half its length. Authors greatly mistake their value of words and story. Our demand is—more story—less words.

Returned as unavailable: PEACE AT LAST; THE BROKEN TRYST; THOMAS TORN'S LOVE; HOW IT HAPPENED; THE TWO KNIGHTS OF HARDSCHEDE; PATIENCE ON A SIGNBOARD; MARIA HAWKINS'S LOTTERY; SIXTEEN AND THIRTY-TWO; THE BAD CITY. This latter we reject on the principle that what is bad better be put aside.

The MSS. ISMIA GRAN and THANKSGIVING DAY, both are excellent of their kind. The first is much too long, however, for one issue, and is not a story to "break" well. It will do better for one of the magazines—say Peterson's. The latter MS. is too late for its season, and not just what we require as to story. Both are returned, hoping to hear from the writers again.

HURRIED TO ETERNITY AND ANONYMOUS LETTER-WRITER, we can not use. They are long for the incidents related.

Can use OLD DAVE ARNOLD'S YARN and A BORDER HEROINE, with a change of title.

Must say no to CHASED BY A BUFFALO. The same incident has been the theme of many a sketch. It is old. MS. returned.

The two MSS. by Dick Dickson we can not use. The writer must study the art of composition. The same may be said to "Percie Vere's contributions. The writer does not understand the first principles of composition.—THE GAMBLER'S FATE is, likewise, defective. As a story it is good enough for publication, but we do not care to give it the necessary revision. MS. returned.—Ditto, THE MASQUERADE. It is much too preposterous as to story. Such things don't happen in American cities, in these days; and, if they happen, it were far better to leave them unrecorded.

Sprague's Vow is gracefully told, but is of the "Lady's Book" style of story—weakly sentimental—thin literary gruel. Sond it a piece of the "Fashion Magazines."

A. S. W. asks: "Can you tell me of any thing that will remove the red from a person's nose caused by drinking gin?" Remove the gin bottle and lead a virtuous life. Then your nose will cease to blench for your crimes.

"BERTIE LANE" says she is soon to be a bride, and wishes to know several things. First, if it is "style" to be married in a trail dress. We should say yes, if the reports of a recent "high life" wedding are a criterion. The lady in this case wore a train of seven yards in length, white satin. If we were in Bertie's place we should have a train eight yards long, for why hasn't a country girl the good right to "flow as a city belle?" She asks about the properties of the ceremony. See Beadle's Dime Magazine, Section "Love," Courtship and Marriage, "where you are told every thing, even to how to kiss the minister without hurting your new husband's feelings, and that is very important to learn."

Mrs. H. P. J., Washington, writes us to discourage women from coming to the Capital to secure situations in Government employ. She presents every thing but a flattering picture of that employ, and says there are a dozen clamorous claimants for every vacancy, and avows that she can prove that it is a fact that the prettiest

women are chosen rather than those who are fit. We are sure of one thing—it is a fact that no man in the world can be induced to seek Government employ. The dirty politics of politics through which a decent person has to wade, even to the appointment of P. M. at Pine Center is soiling to the heart as well as the feet, and in Washington, more than any other city, the artful person is supreme. Women of art go there to practice their games of deceit—and, from what we have learned, it is but expressing a common-received opinion to say to the uninformed female seeking for something to do, that the women of Washington are not the best persons for your companions. If you are a pure, modest, honest person.

Foolscap Papers.

A Few Words.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS:

I wish to talk to you; please stand around me, but don't put your hands on my coat. I like little boys; perhaps I am more fond of them than the Fejee Islanders are.

I love to greet your smiles of innocence which I can almost see under the agricultural stratum on your faces. I would love to kiss each one for your sisters, but you have been so long deprived of the luxury of handkerchiefs, and each one of you has such a well-defined outline on his face of the last dish he licked the molasses out of, that I will postpone it until after the next rain.

You have had lots of fun to day, I suppose, playing with balls, tops, and other toys, but there is a little toy called a comb, with which all of you could have played without injury, and to the great benefit of your eyes.

I suppose all of you can say your letters readily after some one tells you what they are; can spell in your primers, and look at the pictures, and pronounce, and make but few such mistakes as spelling D-O-G and saying fox.

I suppose you like, too, to hear little stories, don't you? Oh, yes! and how many of you like to tell little stories? All of you! Well, that's what I thought. You run faster away from school than you run to it, and would rather be in the sugarbowl than in a new suit of clothes.

What secret order do you belong to that makes it necessary to wear little white badges or aprons at your backs where the patch ought to be?

I take great delight in watching the sports of youth, and when I see you innocently amusing yourselves by playing in the mud, which is your native element, I always fall into a reflective mood, wondering I were an urchin again.

The cares of life don't sit half as heavy on you as your dirty shirts do, and a little game of keeps interests you more than the price of potatoes per bushel. Your ideas of the value of money are very indistinct, and if I were to give each one of you a cent—the supposition is highly improbable, for I would do no such a thing—instead of saying it until you become men, you would hurry right off down-town, in the picturesque negligence of your costume, and go into some wholesale grocery store, and ask to look at their stock, and buy sticks of sweetness long drawn out. If there is any thing you need, it is certainly sticks, and if I was going to give them to you, they wouldn't be sticks of candy, hardly, and I would give them to you so sweetly that your eyes would water like your noses.

I am sorry your only idea of Sunday school is playing along the creek, and getting into my peach-orchard. You may learn some phases of vagabond-life that way which will eventually assist you in writing novels and poetry, but you will never learn any thing about the Hindoos that way, or accumulate little red and blue tickets, or chew testaments.

I suppose if I was to ask you now who made the world, none of you could answer. Oh, you can! Well, who did?

Nebrucius! Well, that only augments my idea of you!

I have seen you lately engaged in the pleasant pastime of fighting and pulling each other's hair. Pulling hair is altogether unnecessary in youth; you should wait until you grow up to be men and get married—providing you don't get hung before—when you will find a ready market for all the little hair you have on your heads.

But I find all I can say to you has no more effect than water would have without soap, and you are all impatient to get out and hang on behind that wagon which is coming up the road, so you may go; but remember, if ever I have to sit on your jury, the verdict won't hang on my account, but you will. Get out, you little scamps!

A CUNNING PEN

Is that of Agile PENNE, whose CITY LIFE SKETCHES, which have appeared in these columns, have attracted so much attention. His knowledge of City People and "ways that are peculiar" to the great metropolis, is perfect, and his narrative style is exceedingly luminous, sprightly, and impressive. Agile, we are happy to announce, is not resting on his laurels; but, on the contrary, he has been industriously engaged for some time past on a Serial Story for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, which is now complete in our hands. It is all that we could have expected—exceedingly original, novel and engaging as to story, and so decidedly original and pointed in its personal elements as to make it fairly tremulant with its life, passion and action. It is a cunning work by a cunning pen—adding another to those triumphs in Fiction Literature which have given the SATURDAY JOURNAL the name of being the best story paper in America.

OLD AGE.

I WONDER why it is that almost every body hates to grow old, just as if it were a crime and a sin? When we find a stray hair of a silvery hue, how strangely we feel; and, when the crow's feet make their inevitable mark about our eyes, and lines commence to gather about our faces, then we think we are growing old, but we are bound not to let any one else know it, and we get paints and hair-dyes and false teeth and every thing that can supply our physical defects. But, we don't think how we are cheating everybody when purposely we forget a few years of our ages, and make out that we are five or six years younger than we really are. We ape the fashions of those who are our juniors, and then we wonder why we are not as they are, or have as many admirers. By and by, somehow or other, we find our company is not so much sought after; and, to escape the odium and stigma of being called "an old maid," we rush into the game of matrimony, and, ten out of every eleven chances we lose.

Is the title of old maid an odium and a stigma? I think not. There are many far more miserable beings in the married state than those who live in a state of single blessedness. But, I advocate matrimony, for I expect to go there myself, one of these days. Mr. Editor has accused me of rambling, so I'll return to my old subject.

As I was walking through Chatham street, the other day, I encountered two females, both of whom were in a violent passion, and quarreling with each other. Their eyes sparkled, and their tongues wagged furiously. Epithets of an awful character were heaped upon each other, until one of them, having exhausted the vocabulary of her words, and finding no harder name to bestow upon the other, screamed out, "You, you old woman! There now!" The other could not reply, and thus the war ended.

Grandma Lawless is a good exemplification of good old age, and I wouldn't a bit wonder if she caused poor grandpa's heart to beat nervously under his waistcoat when he went courting her. She says: "In her time, folks didn't think it such an awful thing to grow old and hide their defects. If nature didn't let them have everything like the young ones, they didn't complain; and, for her part, she thinks it no more than a sin and a deception to try to pass ourselves for what we are not," and the next minute she'll ask me to pass her the hair-dye and do up the few locks she still has left. Poor, simple grandma! I won't talk against her; I may be the same when I get to be of her age.

But, I know one thing, (now don't say that one thing is all I do know), and that is, I'm not going to make grandma go and sit up in the cold chamber while I receive my "feller" in the warm parlor, as I've heard tell some girls do. What if grandmas are old? We mustn't forget how they once saved us many a spanking, and used to hide our faults from our parents. We have all got to grow old, and those who have arrived there before us, should be treated as we shall want others to treat us at the same period. Isn't that so?

To sum up all: what can be more lovely than a good old age? Supposing we are nearer to a better and brighter land? Is not that more of a subject for rejoicing than of sorrow? When a man or woman has passed through an honorable and praiseworthy life, don't you think it must be a splendid thing to be surrounded by their grandchildren and have them listen to the tales of days gone by? I always did say, do say and shall say, that I am an ardent admirer of old age. Granted that we have all got to grow old, and those who have arrived there before us, should be treated as we shall want others to treat us at the same period. Isn't that so?

But, I find all I can say to you has no more effect than water would have without soap, and you are all impatient to get out and hang on behind that wagon which is coming up the road, so you may go; but remember, if ever I have to sit on your jury, the verdict won't hang on my account, but you will. Get out, you little scamps!

A TRANSIENT THOUGHT.

It can not be denied that this is the era, predicted so long ago by the prophets, when the world should show signs and wonders incomprehensible. A mania for something startling, new, unexpected, seems to have seized upon humanity; and we witness the whole mighty army of civilized man making forward in hot haste, as if each nation, with its grand battalions, were eager to be "in at the death" of the Old, first. Life, indeed, bears the semblance of a dream. Man is clothing himself with mystery; and he draws around the hidden secrets of his mind a mystic robe that gives him the air and presence of a Creator. And his works do not serve to dispel the illusion, for each succeeding invention—or creation, if you please—shadows forth some attribute which our fathers were fain to call Godlike. Science, indeed,

with her calm thought and majesty, utters a preacher's truth in every page of her revelations; yet is man clothed with mystery which ages will not solve—the mystery of his own power.

We are not of those who would tear aside the veil which shadows the future, and, by rushing headlong into innovations, research, and assumption, bring darkness and distress into the present, instead of light; but we are of those who claim for the mind the use and exercise of its unfathomed powers in the great illimitable sea of mystery which encircles us at every step. We claim for Mind, supremacy; we do not claim a right to crush reason under foot, while imagination—the loftiest attribute of the human intellect—runs rampant and wild, building up fantastic creations to usurp the place of the staid and real. Rather do we claim a right to have such a mind, taught its error, and by proper restraints brought into the pale of reason; and when the enthusiast's brain cries out for an embodiment of his wild dreams of Progress, Socialism, Liberalism, etc., we would lay our finger upon his lips, and whisper, "Beware!"

Darkness can never come again to the intellect, except that God, in his ways, should reproach its pride and assumption of Godlike attributes, by wrapping around His handiwork a deeper veil of impenetrability than is now inclosing it. Light is all present; and in the strange fields where research leads, we would have not a superstition or a fear to mar the way. Lead on, oh Mind! Truth is of God, and truth can only be found by search into the darkness of the mine of the unrevealed.

Play with the telescope into the heavens, until immensity is spanned with a bridge of science, over which the student and the child may walk. Dive into the depths around, and unfold to gaze the secrets of the earth and sea. Pierce the problem of life itself, and make nature yield up her secrets as the ground yields fruit when it is stirred. Awaken reason to its subtlest power, and let it reach into the very confines of the hidden, until truth is eliminated from its very spirituality. For, be it known, God alone is ever uppermost in the search, and the heart looks in upon itself with a confidence of future life which now obtrudes the materiality that now obstructs the mental vision; and all our research, all our striving, all our hope shall draw themselves into one grand truth—

Immortality.

O. J. V.

ALWAYS TAKE THE BEST!

If you are lovers of Romance and Story,

If you delight in sparkling, racy Sketches,

If you seek for what is strange in Personal Experience,

If you enjoy looking behind the wall of City Life,

If you relish narratives of travel and exploration,

If you long for the sweetest creations of Fancy,

If you want what is both enterprising and instructive,

If you desire a succession of weekly literary surprises,

If you would grow young again by laughing,

If you would taste Hymettus' Honey,

SECURE

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL,

now the conceded favorite among all home and family weeklies—the most unvaryingly brilliant of all popular literary papers—catered for by a "galaxy of stars" that make each and every issue respondent with interest, excellence and novelty, among whom may be named:

Albert W. Aiken, Mrs. M. V. Victor,

HOPING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

In beauty was the world brought forth,
From chaos, gloom and night,
And peopled with radiant forms,
And images of light!
Span'd by the rivers, crystal clear,
Wash'd by health-breathing seas,
Perfumed by myriad dewy flowers,
Shaded by grand old trees,
And curtai'd by the golden light
Of Heaven's arch'd canopies!

Who sit we down in dubious thought,
Crushing all joy to tears?
Forcing down Love, and Hope, and Faith,
Through all the dismal years!
God did not form immortal minds
To grovel in the dust—
To waste high powers in sickly shade,
And leave the soul to rust!
But to look up, and tread down Fate,
Look up to Him, in trust.

Little's the credit we deserve,
Who fail to see the star
Which angels' hands have set on high,
To beacon us afar!
But if we fall, trusting in Him,
By whom this light is given,
We'll very likely gain on earth
Contentment's priceless leaven—
But if this life rewards us not,
There's perfect light in heaven.

The Gipsy Wife:
OR,
THROUGH THE FIRE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

ELSIE!

A proud-looking young man was bending over the girl's bowed head, whose wealth of Jetty hair streamered in arrow-straight luxuriance over the sun-kissed cheeks and pale brown shoulders.

"You must answer me, Elsie, or I will go and leave you."

John Falconer's voice was stern when he spoke, and the slight, willowy figure shivered when she heard it.

"What have I to say? You tell me you must leave me; you dare not acknowledge the reason, but say that business calls you."

There was covert sarcasm, mingled with the agony of tenderness, in the girl's voice.

John Falconer's eyes blazed over the bowed head, and he withdrew his hand from her shoulder.

"I told you business demanded my immediate attention, and I spoke nothing but the strictest truth. If you loved me, Elsie, as you have so often declared you did, you'd not seek to detain me."

Then the head was quickly lifted, disclosing the rare, pale face, with its solemn, flashing black eyes, its full, passionate red lips, its curved, dimpled cheeks, and round chin.

"Yes, John Falconer, I have told you I loved you, and to-day, though your heart is turning away from me, I tell you the same words. You need not frown at me, John Falconer, for you dare not deny that another has come between us. I can read you, and my eyes tell me you are beginning to cease loving me."

Gradually her emotion died away, and her voice grew hard and cold, while the young man listened.

"I have seen her, this fair, sunny-haired girl, whose heart you have won, whose love has won you. I know her, and I hate her. When Elsie hates, John Falconer, it behoves you to be wary."

Her eyes were blazing, and she had arisen, wrathfully.

"I am only a poor nameless girl, of no wealth, of no position, whose only pride is that I am descended from a vengeful race, the Spanish gypsies; whose only joy in these long years has been your love; whose only aim will be, if false you prove, to meet to your reward."

Falconer's lips curled contemptuously.

"The days of dark, romantic revenge are over, with my bright-eyed Elsie. So spare your high-strung bows, and answer me my first question. Will you bid me good-by, as a friend or a foe?"

He stole his arms around her supple waist, but she wrenched herself free.

"Will I let you go and leave me disgraced? will I allow you to take another wife while I am living? Oh, smile and scorn, John Falconer, but remember that though you despise our Gitana forms of marriage, they are sacredly binding to me; and I, as the daughter of my race, will protect them; if not to my comfort, to your misery. Remember that!"

John Falconer smiled again, then he arose and stepped several paces away.

"Then, Elsie, we part far differently from what I hoped, expected. I never told you I did not love you—never suggested a marriage with any one. Why will you persist in the ridiculous idea?"

"Because it is true! Go ask Blanche Chrystal, the dainty lady whom I hate, and you love, if there is not to be a marriage at Glenfern, on the day after to-morrow."

The young man opened his eyes in amazement; a second after, and an expression of solid indifference crossed his handsome features.

"There is no need, then, of further secrecy. Elsie, I am going to be married to Blanche Chrystal, on the day after to-morrow; and my object in coming here to you, to-day, was to tell you and explain my reasons for the step. Elsie, I can love you all the same, can I not?"

The girl fairly trembled in her scornful wrath.

"As if I will accept your divided heart, you deceitful one! Heaven pity your new wife, if you lead her to her marriage with such thoughts toward her. But you can not be true to her, for were you not false to me?"

"Then we part forever."

He walked carelessly away, but her deep, melodious voice, tuned, though it was, in accents of anger, stayed him.

"Yes, go, but not forever! We will meet again. When and where, I alone know! but when you do see me, terror will strike your heart, and anguish seize your soul. And, when you are crazy with your trouble, you will partly appreciate what I am suffering now!"

Then, like some young priestess, so full of silent dignity was she, Elsie turned to plunge into the dim forest-paths, her vivid scarlet cloak gleaming among the trees like a lurid beacon, that would lure John Falconer on to his destruction.

He watched her a second, then sprung on

his horse and rode away, with a relieved smile on his sensual, haughty lips.

John Falconer sat in his library, on the eve of his wedding-day. Beside him stood his trunks, waiting to be conveyed to the depot; near at hand lay the gloves, necktie, all ready to be donned for the last lover's call he was to make to his betrothed.

He was lying lazily back among the pink plush cushions of the lounging chair, not wondering, as most men would have done, of the morrow, and all the years of new life that would then open up to him; he was thinking of Elsie, as he lay there, smoking so indifferently.

Hers was a passionate nature, as his own. Hers was a temper he had ever dreaded to arouse, and to-night he cursed the luck that had ever permitted him to marry her, with her great black eyes and sweet, trembling lips. True, the Gitana marriage rite counted for naught among his own people; but in Elsie's friends it was sacred as their strange religion was.

He was deciding there would be trouble; wondering if Elsie would dare go to Blanche with her story, when his valet handed him the evening papers.

It may have been luck; it might have been fate, but certain it was his eyes fell at once on a brief, heartless paragraph, that a hardened reporter knows so well how to write.

His heart gave one wild bound of rapturous delight, then he quietly laughed; and this is what he read:—

"A young girl was found in the streets to-day, evidently a stranger, laboring under an aberration of mind. She was taken to the Hospital, where, in the course of the day, a child was born, resulting in the sudden death of the young unfortunate mother. Deceased was of medium height, dark, handsome, seemingly remarkably intelligent. She gave her name as Elsie Treveron or Falcon, or some such title, and mentioned the name 'John' constantly. If her friends are at hand, they can identify the body at the Morgue, whether it has been taken."

That was all. Elsie had been miraculously checked on her way to destroy his happiness.

Not a thought as to her agonizing death; not a second thought for his own child, nor his dead wife, after that first exultant moment!

He heard her, and looked around.

"Gervaise!"

He groaned at the sound as his lips repeated it. It had been her name. Elsie Gervaise.

But, Gervaise or Tracy—as Blanche had wished her boy called—it was his very own child; and the father's heart went out in a thrill of joy long a stranger to it.

The babe became master of Falcon's Point; and John Falconer was growing out of the cloud that had so long encircled him.

Little Tracy—for his father had ignored the other name—had grown to be a fine child of three years, the idol of his father's heart, the pet of the household, the admiration of strangers and friends.

It was one bright summer day that he was playing with the dog, a fierce, savage mastiff, that no one else dared touch with impunity, while his nurse, busy in the laundry, was watching him carelessly. Just within the door stood a tall, gaunt woman, with sharp features and straggling hair. A faded hood fell off her ill-kept head, and in her withered, dirt-brown hand she carried a staff. Lucy, the maid, was gossiping with the old woman, as servants will, when opportunity offers.

"That's a fine child, yonder; you call him—what?"

A flush of pride lighted Lucy's face.

"Yes, indeed, Master Tracy's a splendid boy, with his fine black—"

The old woman arose, and glared wrathfully at the girl.

"It's Tracy you call him?"

"Sure enough. Why not? his poor, dear mother picked it out long before he was born."

"It's a lie! he has no right to the name of Tracy. His name is Gervaise; he shall be called by it!"

Lucy extended her arms in surprise, as the old woman turned away from her, and stood watching the boy.

Then she turned back again abruptly.

"Where's that child's father? I want to see him."

Without waiting for an answer, she strode up the stairway to the large hall, and into the library, the door of which stood open.

John Falconer sat there, before an open letter; a letter that commenced, "My own dear one."

"It was true, then," the old woman muttered as she read it over his shoulder; "true that he was to be married again."

He heard her, and looked around.

"Then, John, I will bravely tell you:—there stands your son: your son and Blanche's. At Falcon's Point is my son—and yours. Oh, John, didn't you know me?"

He caught her arm in a vice-like grasp, and stared in her face.

"You'll forgive me, John? God knows I never intended that harm should come to Blanche; I took your boy, and kept him till this hour, and have taught him to love you, next to his God. I sent you my boy, John, for I knew you would be good to him. I had that notice put in the paper, and the paper, with it folded outside, sent to you. Not my own mother knows I am living."

"I've worked hard, John, to be worthy of you. I love you still. I will overlook all; I will forgive and forget. Will you?"

To-day, at Falcon's Point, John Falconer, purified by suffering, and his beautiful Elsie, patient by long waiting, are happy in each other's love, and in their two boys, their noble sons, Tracy and Gervaise Florian.

Maud Arnold's Trial:
OR,
THE BROKEN BETROTHAL.BY MRS. M. V. VICTOR,
AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," "FIGURE EIGHT,"
"WHO OWNED THE JEWELS," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PLAN UNFOLDING.

It was a moonlit February evening, only a night or two after the great carnival, that David Duncan, the cabinet-maker, sat at the tea-table with his landlady. The neat but dingy room contrasted ill with the pure splendor of the outer scene of which he had a glimpse through the undrawn curtain. The food upon his plate was almost untouched, as he idly played with his cup, staring out of the window with a preoccupied mind.

"You don't eat nothin', nowadays, David. I declare, it goes ag'in my conscience, to charge you for victuals, when you don't eat 'em."

The widow looked really troubled, as she said this. Mr. Duncan had made his home

downright help to a man, instead of a henderance."

"That's what I want. I want a woman to love me, Mrs. Farwell—to love me, for myself—not because I can make a good living for her, or save her from work. She must be young and modest—pure in heart as a lily, and she must have the capacity for loving wonderfully developed. As for the rest I don't care; she may be too poor to get herself the wedding-bonnet—the poorer the better!"

"How do you go on, sometimes, about the rich, Mr. Duncan? Don't you think that rich people are just as apt to be good as poor ones?"

"I think they are as hollow as chin-dolls, the women, especially. They are made to hang fine clothes upon, that's all."

"I can't think they are all that way, David. But, about your future wife that tickles me. I know several, as I said. You don't want no common girl, for you've got more education yourself than most mechanics and you ought to have a ladylike wife. There's Alice Wood, that teaches in the public-school in the next block, poor thing, I'd like to see her able to quit work; and then there's that poor little French thing that gives music-lessons and boards with my friend, Mrs. Miller. I like Mrs. Miller, but I don't think she gives them girls enough to eat."

"It is not every one as poorly calculated for a landlady, as you," said David, with a smile.

"Now, what do you mean by that?" ejaculated his companion, her benevolent face taking a puzzled look.

"No matter what I mean. Tell me some more about the little French girl. But, understand, I don't like foreigners. I must have an American wife."

"That's right enough, Mr. Duncan. But this little thing don't seem so much like a foreigner as some; and I mentioned her because you spoke of some one to love you so dreadful much. I reckon she's all affection, she looks such a melting, gentle little thing. She'd love anybody to death that was good to her, I'm sure. And then, she has no relations, and you would have her all to yourself, and you speak French, and have been to the country she came from, and I'm sure she'd take to you. She's right genteel and pretty, too."

"Quite a list of recommendations. I'm almost tempted to make her acquaintance. If you think Mrs. Miller is starving her, why don't you propose to her to board with you? Then I could have a fair chance to decide whether we would suit each other. Do you know her name, Mrs. Farwell?"

"Really, I disremember her last name, it's so foreign. But they call her Antoinette, sometimes, to Mrs. Miller's. I've got an errand around there this evening, that I've been puttin' off this long time. Sposin' you come with me. You might get a peep at ma'n'selle, in the parlor."

Duncan had been holding this conversation with his landlady more to divert his thoughts from another subject than because he had the least idea of following her kindly suggestion. Nothing could have been further from his purpose, at that time, than to look out for a wife; in his heart of hearts there was a bitterness against all woman-kind; but when Mrs. Farwell mentioned the name of Antoinette, something like real interest took the place of the simulated attention he had hitherto given.

"I will go with you," he said, pushing back his cup; "but, remember, there's to be no hint of match-making. I'm not a marrying man—unless I happen to be more charmed than I expect to be. When I lived in Paris learning my trade, I knew a little girl, quite a child, by the name of Antoinette—I used to call her 'Nettle'—she was fond of me; I made her toys out of bits of wood. It has given me a fancy for the name. I will go and see your ma'n'selle, for the sake of old associations. Antoinettes are as plenty in Paris as flowers. Of course this is not the same one; but I would like to see her."

"I'll be as silent as the grave about our conversation," said Mrs. Farwell, rising, in high spirits, to go for her out-door wrappings. "I don't care, in particular, whether you marry or not. I only want to get you out of these low spirits a little. A walk'll do you good this bright, bracing night."

In a few moments more they were on the pavement, walking cheerfully along. Duncan endeavored to shorten his long strides to the step of the round little woman to whom he had given his arm. Mrs. Miller's three-story-and-basement brick boarding-house, on the Sixth avenue, was not over half a mile lower down, and a few blocks across. They were soon ringing at the door.

"That's ma'n'selle, singing, now," whispered Mrs. Farwell.

Duncan heard a sweet, strong, but rather sharp voice, trilling a difficult passage over and over, to the accompaniment of a boarding-house piano. When the frowsy servant ushered them into the parlor, they found no one there but the singer. She turned to see who had entered, and, not recognizing Mrs. Farwell, was about to rise and leave the room, but the good lady was too quick for her.

"You needn't call Mrs. Miller," she said, first, to the servant; "I know she's busy, and I'll go right out where she is." Then, to the young couple—"Really, now, I've forgot your name, Miss, though I've seen you several times. This is Mr. Duncan, Miss."

"Sevigne," said the young lady, coldly.

"Laws, yes; I remember now, though it's rather Frenchy for me. You won't mind passing away the time for him a few minutes while I run up and see Mrs. Miller, will you?"

Miss Sevigne condescended to smile at this informal proceeding, for a glance at the stranger had excited her curiosity, if not a deeper interest; and, seeing the smile, Mrs. Farwell took herself away, delighted at finding her little affair already so prosperous.

A few commonplace remarks were interchanged between the two thus left together. David Duncan saw that the French girl was indeed very pretty and very ladylike, child-like in a certain artlessness of manner, and with large, soft, dark eyes, that promised an abandon of dependence and tenderness to the one who should win the regard of their owner. But he had traveled a good deal over the world, and had met such eyes before, especially in French girls. He was quite certain that, twice or thrice, when he encountered them suddenly, those eyes were studying his face with a curious eagerness.

"It seems to me, Misteer Duncan, as if I had

"We may have met in your own land, Mademoiselle Sevigne. I lived some time in Paris, and before you came away."

"C'est possible? How delightful! It makes us like old friends. What did you there?"

"I was busy at my trade—that of fine cabinet-work. It is probable that we may have met on the streets only."

"That is most reasonable; for I never knew one of your name. Yet I am so certain I have met you!"

She was excited and pleased to talk with some one who knew her own dear Paris so well as this American; her chattering speech flew from subject to subject, now in French, now in her broken English; and when Mrs. Farwell returned to the parlor, after a good hour's absence, she was at the piano, singing a little French song which David had asked for. Other of the boarders now coming in, the visitors took their leave, one of them much gratified with the success of her experiment.

And Mrs. Farwell had but little reason to doubt that her experiment would prove a lasting success. Twice within the following week David Duncan spent the evening at Mrs. Miller's; and, at the close of a fortnight, Miss Sevigne had adopted his suggestion, and had applied to his landslady for board. A better room, a more open part of the city, and two or three new pupils, had been the ostensible grounds of this change. It was comforting to Mrs. Farwell's motherly soul to see these two young persons opposite each other, at her table. Already, in anticipation, the arrangement was a permanent one. She knew that Antoinette was, day by day, more fascinated with the manly and intelligent young mechanic, who, she took care to let her know, laid up sums of money, and had the pride to care for a wife as if she were the first lady of the land; she could see the flush come on the girl's cheek, and the light to her eye, when David's firm step rung on the pavement; she knew that she held her breath to listen for that step, that she put flowers in her hair, and adopted every little coquetry of dress which her means afforded, to please his fastidious taste. And David brought books and flowers to Antoinette, coming out of his room, where he used to bend over his work of evenings, to while away the time with her, joining his voice with hers at the piano. It made Mrs. Farwell's dull parlor quite bright when those two handsome, interesting young persons were in it.

One evening, when she had been at her new home a couple of weeks, Antoinette was obliged to go out of an errand. She put on a plain cloak and hood, and slipped out, took the first car down-town and got out near Madison square. Here she walked into the square, and, as she slowly crossed it, she was joined by a well-dressed man, whose arm she took, and the two, promenaded back and forth for a long time, engrossed in conversation. Mademoiselle was not aware that David Duncan had followed her, and was, watching her every movement from the shadow of the park-fence.

It seems that he had not yet forgotten his old occupation of a spy; it came quite natural to him, now that he had a woman to watch, about whom it behoved him to know as much as possible.

When her long consultation with the gentleman came to an end, they parted, and she returned as she had come. The next morning a new magazine lay by her plate, and in it an exquisite carved and painted paper-folder, which the cabinet-maker had made with his own hands.

Her smile and blush of thanks were all that he could have desired. That afternoon ma'm'selle came home from giving her lessons as happy and musical as a bird; she put on her prettiest dress, with a bunch of scarlet geraniums in her hair; there was an expectant light on her face. David did not say much to her, at the tea-table; but Mrs. Farwell had a woman's instinct, and she took care to keep out of the parlour that evening.

Antoinette never afterward remembered just how it came about, but in her desire to be entertaining to Duncan, she talked about a great many things, and finally began to tell him what she had heard about a Miss Arnold, who belonged to the rich people, and lived in Madison Square.

Did he remember, or was he not in New York at the time when, last winter, a year ago, a young Wall street banker threw himself into the river, off a ferry-boat, and was drowned? His name, she thought, was Tunnecliffe, and the affair was a great deal talked about, owing to the high position of the relatives, the failure of the firm of which he was partner, and the melancholy result of the failure. She had been in New York but a few months at that time, but she remembered it very well—the search for his body, and his portrait in the papers.

Yes, Duncan recalled it, though he did not come to the city until just about that time. "What about Miss Arnold?"

She was, it seems, engaged to Mr. Tunnecliffe, though the engagement was recent, and not generally known. She had prodded much over his deal, and now, it was said, that her mind had become disordered, and her parents were about to sail with her to France, in the hope that a change of scene, or the skill of the Paris medical faculty, would do something for her. She was an only child, and they were heart-broken about it.

"It is, indeed, a very sad story," said

David Duncan, in a low voice. "What shape does her madness seem to take?"

"She insists upon it that her lover is not dead—that she has seen him several times alive, in the body or spirit, no matter which. She says it is *he*, dead or alive. Finally she worked herself into a brain-fever over the absurd fancy, and when she recovers from that, her mind is possessed with *that* one idea."

"An absurd fancy, you may well say, Miss Sevigne."

"Why she should care so much about it I no guess; she did break off her engagement wiz him before he killed himself."

"Who told you that?"

She glanced up, surprised at his sharp tone, colored deeply, and stammered.

"Oh, it was *ze* report, I believe."

"But nothing was known about their affairs. I never saw any reference to it in the papers, and I read all I came across about it."

"Oh, I think some one told me, who knew ye family. It may have been one of my pupils. I believe she was—jealous, you call it."

"I've just solved a little mystery, in my own mind, Antoinette," said David, after a moment's reflection. "You know you have often said that it seems as if we had met before—that I puzzle you by reminding you of some former acquaintance. Now, I don't believe it was any acquaintance. I guess it was only young Tunnecliffe's portrait in the papers. You probably saw that a great many times; and speaking of him has reminded me that I was said to resemble him. At the time of the tragedy, my fellow-workmen, and others, often noticed the resemblance. I used to be annoyed by it."

Again Antoinette looked into his face with eager scrutiny.

"You are very much alike—*zat* is true," she said, with embarrassment; "but your hair and complexion are darker, and you are different, after all, but you are right—zat must be it."

"One can not judge so well from the crudeness in a weekly paper," added Duncan, carelessly, "but I have had it mentioned to me so often that I can not but think there must be something in it. It is flattering to me," he added, laughing, "since he was said to have been a hard-fisted man."

"Yes, very handsome," responded the French girl, with a guilty consciousness of a certain painted photograph in her trunk added to his walk—*"but ze flattery might be to him, after all,"* and she gave the cabinet-maker a look out of those soft eyes very tender and beguiling.

"I have heard that Tunnecliffe spent a year or two in Paris; perhaps you met *him* there instead of me," remarked Duncan, presently.

"Oh, no, I should say not; though it may be," and the French girl shook her pretty head, and looked innocently into his his eyes.

She was very charming that evening, but David did not say what she expected he would; the more effort she made to please, the colder and more abstracted he became; finally retiring to his room at an earlier hour than usual. Antoinette hurried to her own apartment and tore the scarlet flowers out of her hair, bursting into tears of vexation and disappointment. She was tired of teaching music for a living, and of being tossed about on the waves of life, and she loved the cabinet-maker as well as it was possible for a nature like hers to love any thing but self. She respected him greatly, feared him a little, and loved him passionately. He was so strong and self-reliant, so well-informed and self-possessed, he would take such good care of a wife, and there was something so indefinitely attractive and peculiar in his manner. Never before had a man gained such absolute power over her; for, although she had had several entangling alliances, she had always known her own part in them to be more or less selfish, while now she felt ready to kiss the feet of this new ruler in humble subjection.

White Antoinette lay sobbing upon her bed, too vexed to undress herself. David Duncan sat by his little work-table, in his room, lost in study. His mind was disquieted; a curious temptation was besetting it.

"It would be the easiest thing in the world," he said, half aloud. "I will do it. Yes, I will do it; six months ago I would have scorned the idea; but these facts which I have learned have changed my mind. If that poor child is to do well in her belief, all I shall have to do will be to corroborate it. I shall have no trouble."

He arose and walked twice or thrice across the floor, with a smile on his face which totally changed its usually grave and moody expression—a smile of triumph if not of joy.

"I must find out if they actually sail in the next steamer," and having settled his resolve he undressed and went to bed with the manner of one well satisfied with himself.

Yet this resolve, which David Duncan had fixed upon, was no less than to take advantage of Maud Arnold's present state of mind and his own remarkable resemblance to the late Ward Tunnecliffe, to personate that individual, and persuade Miss Arnold into a hasty marriage with himself.

Strange and audacious as the scheme appeared, it yet promised well, if one could

view the young cabinet-maker in the light of a fortune-hunter, for Miss Arnold was wealthy and beautiful.

Mr. Randolph would have known how to improve a chance like that.

CHAPTER IX.

TUNNECLIFFE'S DOUBLE.

It was the day before the one set for the sailing of the Havre steamer on which Mr. Arnold had engaged passage for his family. Mrs. Arnold was as busy as people generally are on such occasions, not only attending on the important duty of packing, but receiving innumerable farewells from friends, only a few of whom were permitted to see her daughter.

Maud had recovered from her dangerous illness, and was to all appearance doing well; she had been out for a drive two or three times, and was able to take her meals with family; but her parents, in dread of some fresh and fatal excitement, kept her as secluded as possible. Her physician had said that when she was once upon the sea, she would improve rapidly; but until then, she had better not be permitted much company; and in this they had acquiesced, not only from fear of nervous agitation, but from pride, to prevent her real condition from becoming known. For they, as well as the doctor, believed the mind of their child—their lovely, intellectual child—to be overtaken; but not beyond restoration; and they hoped to effect this restoration in a foreign land. There certainly was but one point upon which any one could question Maud's sanity. That she had lost the sweet composure of former times, was true; that started way, that eager, listening look, those nervous shocks to which she was liable, were all threatening symptoms, yet her mind betrayed not the slightest wandering, except when she spoke of her dead lover. Of him she always talked as if he were alive, and would come back to her.

On this balmy spring afternoon, Maud was in her chamber, finishing the preparations for her voyage. The soft bloom of convalescence was on her cheek, but in her eyes there dwelt an unspeakable melancholy. Mrs. Bowen and her beautiful boy, Ward's namesake, were with her, Mrs. Bowen having come to make her farewell call. Maud laid aside her work, seated herself on the carpet, and drew the child to her arms, kissing his yellow, glistening curls and white forehead.

"I think he grows more like Ward, every day," she said.

"I think so, too, Maud. He is growing his very image," and the tears came into the mother's blue eyes. "I can never forget my brother while I have my boy before me. Oh, dear, I feel so unhappy, sometimes. Ward was always so very, very kind to me, and I'm afraid I used to tease him," with a tremble of the voice quite pathetic in her; then, lowering it almost to a whisper, "Do you know, Maud, darling, I was quite startled the other day? I don't know that I ought to tell you; but nurse had little Ward out in the Park, and a strange man came along and spoke to the little fellow and kissed him—which is nothing unusual, since the child always attracts attention—but the strange part of it is that Ward cried after the man, and called him his uncle. Nurse told me, when she came home; but she said it was a dark man, roughly dressed, and did not look at all like my brother. There! I know I ought not to have told you," she concluded, foolishly, for she knew the rumors about the state of Maud's mind, and that she ought not to excite her with a story like that.

"I assure you, it will do me no harm," said the young lady, with a sad smile. "I know very well what my friends say and think of me, dear Susie, and I know, too, or hope, that some time they will have reason to change their minds."

"I am so sorry you are going away," broke in Mrs. Bowen, wishing to obliterate her mistake as completely as possible; "I shall be more gloomy than ever; you are the only one I care to talk about my brother with."

"You'll not be very gloomy, I trust, Susie; you have begun going out, and you have hosts of friends. But, as to going away, if you can't regret it half as much as I, if it were not for openly rebelling against my parents, I should refuse to take this trip. I do not want to go away from here."

The tears began to fall as she said this.

"Ah, yes, I know, Maud; but the doctor thinks it best. And indeed, indeed, I hope you will come home very well, and as happy as you once were."

"That is because you do not know my heart," was the simple reply.

"Well, I really must say good-bye, and not keep you from your packing any longer. I shall try and get down to the steamer in the morning for a last peep at you. I'm so sorry you did not get around to see my new curtains; they are said to be the handsomest in town. By the way, Mr. Bowen says he met young Randolph in a restaurant, last night. I did not know he was in town again. Now, Maud, why don't you take him? I think he's very nice; though he could not be Ward's equal, of course."

"Tastes differ, Susie," answered Maud, not caring to go into the details of Mr. Randolph's character and position.

"Well, good-bye, darling; if you stay

long in Paris, you may expect me over after you."

The two friends parted with a warm embrace, and then Maud clung long and silently to the little child. When he and his mother were actually gone, she sat by the open window, too listless to go on with her employment.

"They will kill me if they persecute me thus," she murmured. "I know that it is all done in love; but why can not they indulge me in my own way? They must tear up every root that holds me here, and then expect me to blossom anew."

While she remained idly grieving, again, as when she was packing her trunks for Newport, her maid came in with an important message; she had a large bouquet composed of every sweet spring flower, and accompanying it a sealed missive.

The delicate odor of a certain rare blossom, which had always been a favorite of hers, stole the color from Maud's face, it was so intense with memories of the past; the strength went out of her fingers, which trembled so that she could hardly break the seal. She made some excuse to send Marie from the room—yet there was nothing which she recognized in the handwriting upon the envelope.

When alone, she drew forth the note and read:

"DEAREST MAUD—I pray you be calm while you read what I have to say. Do not allow yourself to be surprised or agitated, lest I have reason to blame myself for addressing you so abruptly. Tell me that you have been very ill!—and on my account! I am sorry that I repulsed you, so that evening, upon the ice, at the lake. I might have known how impossible it is to deceive true love. And you have been sick on account of it! I had my reasons, Maud, for not wishing to be known. They were good ones, I then thought, but I have changed my mind. And my harshness made you ill! They say that you are *insane*, because you recognize me through all my disguises. I know better, Maud, and I have now to ston for all I have made you suffer. But, as yet, I am not quite ready to reveal myself to others. For this I will give my reasons; for, can not we meet, without the knowledge of others? You go away to-morrow. I must see you. Will you not write a few words, telling me how and where? A boy will call for your answer in half an hour. When I think of the manner of our separation I would not ask this of you, had I not learned some facts which explain your conduct at that time—and had I not proof of your love in all that you have suffered, for my sake, since. When I come to talk with you, I will tell you all. Be silent, for the present; I only ask it for a little time. Direct your answer to David Duncan."

WARD TUNNECLIFFE."

Maud held the letter, her face growing white, but she neither screamed nor fainted; only an intense light grew gradually in her face, as if the lamp of joy had been kindled in her soul and was shining through her features. The letter was not so much of a surprise to her, after all! Had she not *expected*, daily and hourly, such tidings as these? She was, in a manner, prepared for it. Joy was not half so killing as sorrow. She bowed her enraptured face over the flowers; then read the note again and again. She thought but little of the handwriting, or any outward proof of the truth of the letter. She had within her own heart evidence sufficient of its truth, and the more she realized it, the calmer she became. There was a slight tremble in the fingers which penned her answer, but it was the thrill of haste and eagerness.

"DEAR WARD—I am not agitated; I am hardly surprised. I have long looked for such tidings, and it seems almost natural that they should come. I scarcely know how to appoint a meeting; but meet we must, though it should be first in the face of the whole world. Father and mother have promised to dine with some friends this evening. They will leave the house before seven. You can come here. We have a new man who will not know you. I will send Marie out of the way, and will myself receive you in mamma's little room. You know very well where that is."

MAUD ARNOLD."

Thus she addressed to David Duncan, and shortly after it was written, a boy called for it, as promised.

When Mrs. Arnold came into her daughter's room, a little later, she could not but notice the change in her appearance. It was as if some pale, pensive lily-bud had suddenly flowered into a laughing splendor. There was a smile on the lip, a beam in the glance, which had been absent many melancholy months.

"Why, my child, are you reconciled, after all, to going abroad?" she asked, her own care-worn face lighting up.

"Yes, mother, quite reconciled."

"And do you really feel as happy as you look?"

"I don't know how I look, mother; but I feel happy and contented."

"This will be good news for your father, Maud. It has worried us so much to see Antoinette, was the one longing of her life. Especially since the day when she had seen the French girl and Randolph together, in confidential discourse, were her suspicions awakened that she and Ward had, in some manner, from some wrong motives, been made victims of a conspiracy. All the conduct and character of Randolph were such as to justify this suspicion. The more she brooded over it, the more palpable became this theory, and the wilder her desire to meet her lover, in spirit or body, she secretly cared which, so that she could communicate with him and express her penitence."

And here approached the hour! Ward was alive; she had seen him, warm, breathing, human—no chilling phantom of another world. Ward was alive! The instant

"I will have John bring a nice little dinner to your room, since you must dine *solaire*. We shall be back very early. And now I must dress, I suppose."

"Well, mamma, command Marie all you wish. I have nothing more for her to do. Only, this evening, I'd like her to go to Mrs. Bowen's for me; it will not take her much more than an hour. And tell John to bring up my dinner by six. I believe I am hungry."

Another little unconscious falsehood, for when the dinner came, Maud could not eat three mouthfuls of it, though it was dainty and delicious enough for a princess.

"It is very nice, John, and I am not sick, at all, to-day. I'm too happy to eat, I believe."

"You look well, that's certain, Miss Maud; and we're all glad enough to see it, though it would be more to our satisfaction if you'd show it by a good appetite. When I feel well I'm allers hungry."

fallible prophecy of her heart had told her no false promise! He was coming to see and speak with her; she held his written confession in her hand; the past was annihilated—all that stood between her and the hour of their last happy meeting—she neither doubted nor feared—she did not

"look before or after."

one consciousness only possessed her—that Ward lived, and was coming!

Her face shone with a calm rapture; yes, she looked lovely and happy enough to give joy to the coldest suitor.

In the mean time, David Duncan, with a step which now quickened and again faltered, as if his mind still hesitated over the scheme it proposed, approached the house where Maud waited. He passed and repassed it before finally ascending the steps and ringing the bell. Maud sat in her mother's boudoir with clasped hands and inclined head; when she heard the bell, she arose to her feet and stood motionless, bright and still as if a statue had been carved of light instead of marble, and thus David found her when the servant bowed him into the room and retired. For a moment the two gazed at each other; seeing that rapt countenance, it may be that the man had soul enough to feel regret at the deception he was practicing—or it may be that joy and passion at sight of the beautiful prize before him, overwhelmed him for a moment with silence. Maud was the first to move; she held out her arms to him with a smile, and then each sprang into the other's clasp, as if there was no more separation for them.

After a time the girl raised her head from his breast and looked him keenly in the face; it was not that she doubted, but that she could not too eagerly assure her.

"I told them so, Ward. I repeated it again and again. They said to each other that I was going mad—as if I did not know best!" and she laughed, in happy mockery of others' unbelief.

"It was a blessed madness," said the man, kissing her.

"I always *felt* it, Ward; I was as certain of it then as now. But you are changed—very, very much changed, for so brief a time;" again with that keen look from which he shrank.

"Not to me, either; you know that! It is a lifetime—longer than all the rest of my life, though it is but fifteen months. And you have been so lonely, so desolate—no, Ward, I do not wonder that you have changed. I, too, have been sick—and sad. Have I changed so much?—have I grown old too fast, Ward?"

Pretty coquetry of women! with which, in their moments of profoundest agitation, they would disguise something of what they feel. Maud knew that she was more beautiful than ever; and the shy, loving glance which she raised to his as she asked this, had in it no fear that he would condemn her for faded charms.

"You are improved in every way, my darling. Once you were too timid—love was too new to you. You would not let me guess how much you loved me—but to-night, our sorrow has made our love so sacred that you are willing I should see it all. This is happiness."

The cabinet-maker was doing very well with his part of the play.

Maud blushed, drawing a little further away from him.

"Let us sit here, on mamma's sofa. You can stay but an hour, Ward, and as yet you have told me nothing. Why must you still conceal yourself? Why not remain here until my parents come in, and let them know, at once, why it is that I have recovered my happiness? It will be terribly hard for me to keep your secret, I'm afraid."

"There is no very good reason for my remaining amongst the dead any longer; indeed, there was never any good reason for it, and that is what makes it harder now, to invent some excuse for my folly. Desperation, shame and despair at having lost you, Maud, tempted me into hiding from my friends and the world. I have still too much pride to acknowledge my weakness—to take my old place, and bear the 'nine days' wonder' of my acquaintances. Yet, when I found that you still loved me—when I heard that your very reason was shaken with doubt and hopes—I could not longer withhold myself from the impulse which urged me to your side. Maud, since we do thus truly love each other, tell me what was that urged you to return me your betrothal-ring? There is a mystery there which I do not entirely fathom, though I have traced it partially out."

Maud laid before him the story of the French girl's visit—all that she said, and the likeness which she had in her possession.

"I did know a child of that name, in Paris," said her companion, in answer, "whose father was a music-teacher. He was old and poor, almost dead with consumption. I did him many favors; sometimes, of an evening, when my work was done, I went to sit an hour or two with him, for he liked my company. But I never paid much heed to Antoinette; she was pretty, but a little too bold to please my taste. I saw that she was an artful little creature, capable of caring for herself, and I did not lavish my pity upon her. Where she obtained the picture, I can not guess; for I did not know that one of that kind was in existence."

Maud did not doubt a word of this ex-

planation; she thought she saw further into the matter than her lover; she was certain that Randolph had some connection with it, which was enough to explain any amount of treachery.

"I was too hasty, Ward. If it had been any thing but *that*, I should not have heeded it. But I said to myself, 'If he can deceive her, has he not also deceived me?' You must forgive me."

"I will, most truly; but I shall impose a condition—that you never doubt me again! never, under any circumstances."

"I am ready to promise any thing," was the half-laughing response.

"You do not know how much that promise implies. Supposing, for instance, that I should be unable to prove my own identity!—that your friends and mine should say: 'This is not Ward Tunnecliffe!—this is some bold impostor, making capital out of your insane fancy'—that all the world, save you, should fail to recognize me!"

"Such a thing would be simply impossible, Ward. You have not been absent so long as to prevent you from being known by your most casual acquaintance. Just as I know that I am not insane, do I know that you are Ward Tunnecliffe. Stay here, and hear what my father says."

"Not to-night—I can not, just yet."

"But to-morrow we go. Can you let the sea divide us, Ward?"

"No, that is what I wish to talk about, and we have but a few moments left us, Maud. As I have said, it is hard for me to come out now and make the necessary explanations to my friends. Besides, I am confident that Mr. Bowen will dispute my identity; he has property of mine in his hands, and will be loth to give it up. I wish to avoid a fuss, here and now. I will follow you to Paris, by the next steamer; in four weeks we will meet again; and then, if my darling has that faith in me which I believe she has, she will consent to a private marriage. When it is all over, and nothing others can say can change the facts, we will go to your parents, and explain all, to their satisfaction. Will not this hope sustain you, Maud, for a few short days?"

"I do not like to let you go again, so utterly. I am afraid this will all seem like a dream to me, when I do not see or hear you."

"But, sweet, you believed in me when you had solid proof, how can you doubt now? I swear to you, if we both live, you shall see me in Paris within a month. You shall be my wife, within a month, if you consent, Maud."

"Not till my parents know and approve, Ward. But they will. Of course they will be only too glad to see me well and happy again. You are not going—so soon—are you?" and she clung to him with tears.

"I must go; the hour is more than up. Believe me, if important interests were not at stake, I would not torture you by any necessity for concealment, even for a few days. But it is best so, believe me, darling. Good-bye, for a little while, only a little while. You ought not to weep, child; you should, rather, be very happy."

"I know it, and I am very happy, Ward—only it is so hard to let you slip from me again. But I will be brave."

"Only a month, and then my darling will be my wife."

She felt the almost fierce pressure of his arms, and the next moment was alone.

(To be continued—Continued in No. 36.)

Cruiser Crusoe:

OR,
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER THIRTY-NINE.

I was my own physician, it is true, but I was sufficiently reasonable to attend to my health, and to hold consultations with myself as to the wisest course of proceeding. Now that all trace of my disorder, whatever it was, was gone, there could be no doubt that there remained an uneasy feeling, which could only be got rid of by time, and as it was all-important to me to have no relapse, I determined once more to take a holiday—this time for a fortnight, during which I would do nothing but fish, hunt, and stroll about.

Change of air, even from good to inferior air, is often conducive to health, so, despite my natural dread of cannibals, and, indeed, of any savages whatever, I determined to visit the bower in my lake home, which I had neglected so long. For this purpose, I loaded both horse and zebra with provisions, tools, and the materials for fishing and the chase.

What to do with the monkeys was difficult, but, as, during my absence, they might grow somewhat wild, I thought it best to take them with me, particularly as on the little island of the lake they would prove companions. My dogs would not be left at home, so I had to let them follow me, which was somewhat annoying, as not to let them grow too wild, I had to kill game for them myself.

The journey to the lake took two days, as we advanced extremely slow. My cattle were much loaded. On reaching the shores of the lake, the stable of the zebras was found in excellent repair, only requiring the cutting down of exuberant shoots. This was pleasant, as to save myself trouble,

I intended to stable them every night, letting them out again quite at early dawn of day. The first night I was glad to sleep in the inclosure myself, as I was very much fatigued, and not up to the mark enough to make a raft.

Whenever I thought of this, the idea would recur to my mind, that here had come the second heavenly vision of that girl, who, despite all my efforts, would not leave my mind. When the illness, through which I was tended by her, was compared with that which had recently attacked me, and from which I had only escaped by a merciful interposition of Providence, the old saying, that it is not good for man to be alone, recurred to my mind with great force.

And surely it is not good. To think always, to brood, to have no one upon whom to lavish the rich stores of your affection, to know no companions, save the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, is, beyond all power of description, wearisome and monotonous. What foolish men have done from choice is no mitigation of the evil.

As I awoke in the morning, the reflection crossed my mind, that as I was to be some time in my bower, and should be constantly crossing backward and forward, some means of conveyance: more handy than a raft should be found; but, as the river of life of me, for some time I could not think of any remedy.

At last my eyes fell upon a tree; and the idea of a bark canoe suggested itself; not a canoe such as had cost me so much labor, and then been so disastrously destroyed in a moment, but a bark canoe, easily made and easily managed. I felt myself sometimes thinking of giving up my time and attention to another set-going vessel; but always succeeded in withdrawing my mind from a subject full of so many deceptions.

I don't exactly know why, but, probably, because I always liked to be climbing and examining trees, I had brought my ladder, which was clumsy but not heavy, with me. This was fortunate, for it facilitated the process immensely.

Having placed it against the tree which I had chosen, I ascended and proceeded to cut a line half round the trunk, so as to lay bare the bark, which was solid, and without a crack. Having loosened it all the way round, I proceeded to bore holes, in which I inserted several pieces of strong cord, to which I afterward fastened my lasso, previously thrown across a bough and attached below.

My next plan was to cut the bark below; after which it was slowly loosened at the side, until, after much exhibition of ingenuity, it was loose everywhere, and, with much nicety, lowered to the ground. Then at each end the bark was slit for about eighteen inches, and the two pieces overlapped, and sewed with thongs, so as to form a pointed stem and stern. The whole was then gummed over, some sticks placed here and there across it, to keep it in shape; and my canoe was ready.

This, with the snaring of some birds, and other minor duties, took me two days. On the morning of the third, the canoe was launched, and, paddle in hand, I urged it swiftly to my bower, where once more, after so long an absence, I found myself. Everything was in order, save an exuberant growth of boughs and creepers, which were duly cut down and consigned to the flames inside my bower, in order that the heat and smoke might drive away all vermin of every kind.

Of course my birds—though unable to fly away, from want of the wing-feathers I had pulled out—were pretty well as wild as when I caught them. But when once animals have become used to the society of men, they are easily tamed a second time, and the judicious distribution of some grain and other favorite edibles, soon brought them round.

It took me almost a day to put my cabin to rights, to clear the spring, and to make the approaches to the bower easy. But when the task was done, it proved very agreeable and pleasant. My holiday had as yet been rather fatiguing, but now, my days over, I proceeded to lay out my plans.

One day should be spent exploring my island, wandering lazily about its pretty little woods and pleasant shores, and selecting a proper spot for a kitchen garden, such as I had long contemplated. The soil of the island was rich in the extreme, as I could see by the beautiful prairie, with its luxuriant growth of grass. The second day I would fish at the head of the lake, or up the stream which supplied my lake with water. The third, as then I should probably be still stronger, I would have a regular sportsman's day with my guns and my dogs.

This was a pleasant programme, and I at once proceeded to carry it into operation. Shouldering my gun, and taking with me Tiger, the only dog I had allowed to come over to the island, I began my tour of the island next morning. This was no easy matter, as the trees grew in some places quite close to the water, and almost everywhere close down to the banks.

Still, by using my hatchet, the journey was feasible; and though many halts were rendered necessary, yet, at length, I found that in every place it was possible to get round. During this journey I found that my island was rich in fruits, for not only did I come across the guava, but also the pine-apple.

The guava is a kind of brushwood, which, however, where the soil is very fertile, is, as it were, a noxious wood, so rapidly does it grow. It is a very delicious fruit, and may be eaten freely.

The pine-apples, though not nearly so nice as the ones which we grow in our conservatories in England, were very pleasant. But perhaps the most striking sight was the broad-fruit, conspicuous from its large, glossy, and deeply digitated leaf. It is admirable to behold groves of a tree, sending forth its branches with the vigor of an English oak, loaded with large and most nutritious fruit. However seldom the usefulness of an object can account for the pleasure of beholding it, in the case of these beautiful woods, the knowledge of their high productiveness no doubt enters largely into the feeling of admiration.

These were pleasant discoveries—not so much from the mere fact of being able to enjoy the luxury of an agreeable dessert, but from the circumstance of my being exceedingly fond of the study of natural history, in all its branches.

There was another feature about this, which was agreeable. When I chose to confine myself to my island, I could always be sure of some provisions. On the whole, my tour of the little island was satisfactory, and gave me a large insight into the wealth and luxuries of my singular residence.

When I returned, and had supped copiously,

I was glad to go to bed in my hammock, and slept the whole night.

Next morning saw me, at an early hour, launched upon the smooth waters of the lake. I had with me my gun, my rod, my landing-net, provisions, and some weak rum and water. In addition to this, I had fashioned an umbrella, which was, in such a climate, not a guard against the rain—which poured too heavily for any such weak protection to be available—but from the sun.

Still there was nothing for it, but to lie close and watch—at all events, until night, when I might contrive to elude the vigilance of the wretches, and return with Tiger to my fort, where I determined to make one last stand for life and liberty. Indeed, death was far preferable to falling into their hands.

The sight of the poor wretch of their own race, tortured and murdered for some supposed crime of witchcraft, was enough to fill my soul with such horror and dread as made any ordinary death quite a welcome thing in preference.

I ate heartily of whatever I could lay my hands on, muzzled my dog, loaded my double-barrel with ball, and watched. My island was only accessible from two quarters—one was the river which supplied the lake with water; the other, the landing-place whence I always started on my journeys.

This, as trodden upon, and leaving very clear marks of where I was myself in the habit of landing, was the most probable, and this I watched with intense interest. And then the hours slipped away; no sounds awakening the echo of the night, save when in the distance I seemed to hear the yelping and barking of my dogs, which, with my zebra and horse, had been terrified doubtless both by the presence of the savages and the fearful torture of the girl.

My line was very strong, and my rod a sturdy one, so that I was prepared for any strong fish likely to abound in that spot, which in England would certainly have been the resort of pike or jack. Still, with all the difference of climate, only a similar fish could be expected to be found.

My bait ready—I had caught some small fish in the lake with a hand-net—I was not long at work before my canoe was covered at the bottom with fish. Wearing of such easy sport, I went slowly up the stream, waded upwards by a gentle breeze, which turned my umbrella into a sail.

Then my heart sunk within me, my bosom beat with wild emotions, and my whole nervous system was upset by a most unearthly cry—a cry that seemed to curse the blood in my veins and paralyze my every energy. It was a cry I knew not. What was to be done? It had arisen at no great distance in the direction of my stable.

My first idea was that a lion had attacked my cattle; but then, neither my horse nor zebra could have uttered such a long, melancholy wail as that. Dreadfully and unnaturally uncomfortable, I pushed my canoe in shore, and landed, after fastening it to a tree. Then, clutching my gun, I crept under the trees, just as once more up rose the fearful and horrid wail—this time followed by a series of fearful shrieks in another voice, and that the voice of a woman.

What horrid thoughts filled my soul it would not be easy for me to say. I at once came to the conclusion that it was my Indian girl. Imagine my feelings, and at the same time, the feeling of intense wonder as to the nature of the danger in which she was placed. I rushed on almost heedless of the consequences, in such a frenzied state of mind was I.

Then all was still, not even the scream of a bird or the shrill cry of a monkey broke the dark solitude, and, indeed, anything just then would have been welcome.

I had nothing to guide me. Nothing could be heard but my own panting breath, when suddenly a whirr and a rush took place, and I saw my horse, zebra and dog scamper past without taking any notice of me.

I halted. Just before me, sitting on a tree, were a pair of beautiful green pigeons, and in a few minutes nothing more could be heard save the cooing of the birds, and then—

Heaven have mercy on my soul! for there is the fearful scream again, and close to me. I clenched my teeth, and stooping low, came upon the explanation of what I heard, which was even more fearful than I expected. At the foot of the very tree on which, high up in the branches, sat the pigeons, was a young girl, very good-looking and gentle by nature. She was dead. She had been tied to the tree and tortured to death. It is a hideous punishment performed by beings in the shape of man on females suspected of being witches, or of having caused the evil eye to fall upon any one.

They had fastened her to the trunk, and lacerated her flesh all over the body, and

in these cuts they rubbed red pepper, in order to render the torture more horrible.

I knew, from books of travels, their common mode of tormenting their victims. The natives of Africa are nowhere behind the red Indians of North America in their devilish ingenuity.

But who had done all this? and where were the fiendish monsters?

I peered round, fearing every moment that they would attack me; and as I could do no good to the unfortunate and wretched girl, I resolved to escape as quickly as possible to my island, and there devise as to my future plans

IN MEMORIAM.

BY J. G. MANLY, JR.

He's passed away, but still we dream him here—
In the records of a toilsome life,
Still present to Imagination's eye;
While silent sorrow sheds the eloquent tear.
Though 'mid the halls of immortality,
He moves unknown to earthly care and strife,
Still, when the written page before our eye
Unfolds the genius of a well-stored mind,
And fills us with mirth-moving ecstasy,
Our thoughts of death are scattered far behind,
For then he seems one of the living still,
And not to us from Time's terrestrial hill
Away from earth—earth's ashes to have risen
Unto the unknown life—the spirit from his prison.
Long shall thou live, shrined in the hearts of men,
Thou gifted genius of the ready pen—
Oh, never may thy memory decay,
But grow in brightness to the latter day.

The Death Shot;
OR,
THE MIDNIGHT DUEL.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES HOWARD.

A scorching Southern sun had reached the meridian when a man drew the rein of a white horse before the pillared porch of a planter's magnificent residence in the State of Louisiana. He was a tall, dark-featured man, of, perhaps, fifty years of age, though not a silver thread was to be seen among his hair and beard. He was clad in loose-fitting clothes, over which, strange to say, from the insufferable heat, he wore a long cloak and cape. A broad-brimmed sombrero surmounted his head, and protected his features from the burning noonday sun. His general appearance proclaimed him a full-blooded Mexican.

He surveyed the house from the saddle for a moment, when he let the reins drop over the eagle-head pommel and sprung to the ground. To all appearances no person had noticed his arrival, and he looked at the planter's mansion as though he feared that its inmates were absent. Presently, after muttering some unintelligible words in Spanish, he struck one of the pillars with his heavy raw-hide whip.

The girl did not notice his strange actions, but paused, and, gazing upon him, mutely requested him to make known his business at her father's house.

"Major Andrews lives here?" he said at last in English, and but half interrogatively.

"He does," answered the beautiful girl.

"Do you wish an audience with him?"

"I do," he replied, tapping the pillar uneasily with the butt of his whip. "Please request him to come here directly."

She was in the act of leaving him to comply with his wishes, when he placed one foot upon the porch, as though he would detain her, and said in an unnatural tone:—

"Girl."

She paused and confronted him.

"Answer two questions," he went on.

"First: are you his daughter?"

"I believe I am."

"But, you were not born in the United States of America? Your face is too brown to call this your native land."

"You are right, sir, I was not born in the States. My mother was a native of Queretaro, Mexico. But I never knew her love, for she died before I could lip her name."

"Very well, girl. My second question is this: are you happy?"

There was no immediate reply; the deep eyes sought the floor, and a visible paleness crossed the girl's face. She was not happy.

"Your question I decline answering," she said, looking up. "I do not think it concerns you, and, more, that you have no right to question me at all. I will summon father hither at once."

She entered the house before the Mexican could reply, and the next instant he heard her ascending a stair.

"Her mother—his wife—died when she was young," murmured the dark-featured man, when he found himself alone. "That is the story he tells her, is it? No right to question her, eh? Would she talk thus if she knew who I am? But, I am here after the lapse of eighteen long years. I have found them at last—found them to avenge Romita's death. But he comes—he, whom I have not seen since that night when he made me drunk in Queretaro, and committed the damned deed. My heart, be still! He will not recognize me as—There he is."

The last words were prompted by the appearance of Major Felix Andrews upon the porch. The iron nerves of the Mexican did not fail him when he suddenly found himself confronted by the planter. On the other hand, a shudder of terror shook the American's frame, when he noticed the peculiar garb and brown features of his visitor.

"Major Andrews, I believe," said the Mexican, stepping forward and extending his hand, which the planter merely touched.

"You are right, sir," answered the major.

"Whom do I address?"

"Colonel Jose Romero, of the White Horse Lancers."

A sense of relief took possession of the planter's faculties, and he breathed freer.

"Colonel Romero," he said, smiling blandly, "I am happy to meet you. Do come into my library. It is the coolest and most pleasant apartment in my house. You came direct from your country?"

"I did, sir."

They entered the hall, where Andrews spoke a low word to his daughter, who was drumming on a bannister with her little hand, and turned to his visitor.

"The slaves are not at work to-day, and it is strange that none are at the house. But Eudora will summon the hostler hither, and your steed will be properly cared for."

They soon reached the darkened library, where the Mexican at once relieved himself of his cloak. The major threw one of the shutters open, and a flood of light streamed into the room. Then he threw himself into a chair opposite Jose Romero, and signified his readiness to listen to any communication he might choose to make.

"As I have told you," began the Mexican, fixing his dark eyes upon the ex-military officer and present planter, "I have journeyed direct from Mexico. I have seen you

before to-day, Major Andrews. Have you ever seen me?"

The speaker leaned back in his chair, and gave the planter a splendid view of his face. For a minute Andrews leaned forward and scrutinized every lineament of the Mexican's face, and then declared that he had never seen Colonel Jose Romero, of the White Horse Lancers, before that day.

The Mexican laughed aloud, and rose to his feet.

"Haven't you gazed upon this tall form in Mexico?" he asked, drawing his magnificent form to its full height.

"Never, to my knowledge," was the reply.

"Again the Mexican laughed.

"If you do not recollect my form and features, do you recollect this?" and he held a thumbless left hand before the Southerner's face.

"My God!" broke from the major's lips, in starting accents, and he rose from his chair, and started toward his mahogany pistol-case.

"Hold!" cried the Mexican, leveling a pistol at his breast. "Down into that chair again. Down, I say, or die!"

Mechanically Felix Andrews staggered back, and sunk into the chair. He glared fiercely upon his victim, and ever and anon glanced toward the door, as though he expected the arrival of some person.

"Eighteen years have fled," said the Mexican, drawing his chair near the planter, and still pointing the pistol at his heart. "Eighteen years of toilsome search for me. You never imagined that the dissipated Jose Romero Cadevas would track you to your palatial mansion. I awoke from my swoon the morning after that night of debauch, to find that you had fled with my wife and child. She was pure when you came to Queretaro, Major Andrews; but you drew her to hell, and forced her to believe me a very devil. I know all. I have not lived those eighteen years for naught. You took her to New Orleans, and there you robbed her of her child, and mine, and left her to her fate among strangers. Among strangers, with kind hearts, she died and went to heaven. My child lives and calls you father—you, the murderer of her mother! Do you know why came I here? For vengeance, and my child. She is not happy. I have discovered that; but she will soon be happy on a father's breast."

The Mexican paused and looked at Felix Andrews. The planter's eyes fell beneath the piercing gaze, and he uttered a single word:—

"My God!"

"THAR is nothin' on this airth, boys, like a reg'lar movin' 'mong the biffles, espe-

"Ready," answered the planter, glancing along his own shining barrel.

The Mexican slowly began the numerals, and when he uttered "three" the pistols cracked simultaneously.

The planter threw his weapon from him, and fell heavily to the ground. The Mexican staggered backward; but soon recovered himself and stepped forward. From the ground the major gazed upon him with astonishment. Had he missed a man at a distance of twelve feet?

For a short time Cadevas looked down upon his victim. Then he unbuckled his coat, and cast a steel plate at the planter's feet.

"Did you think I would risk my life to take yours, murderer?" he cried. "I came to slay you, not to be slain. Your wound is mortal."

"I know it," groaned Felix Andrews. "I am dying. My doom is just, and, Jose Romero Cadevas, I forgive you that shot. In my desk is my will, and tell her—your child, not mine—that I crave her forgiveness; that—"

Blood filled his throat, and a moment later he was dead!

The Mexican left the scene of the duel and sought the mansion. There he revealed himself to his daughter, and told the story of his wrecked life. She wept over her mother's thread, and pillow'd her head on his bosom. They were happy.

The following day the Mexican gave himself up to the authorities, who, after hearing his story, promptly dismissed him. The planter's will, bequeathing his entire possessions to Eudora, was found where he had deposited it, and within the week the young girl took possession of the plantation.

Jose Romero Cadevas resigned the colonelcy of the White Horse Lancers, and resided with his daughter till his death, which transpired during the late civil war. After his duel with Felix Andrews, he never mentioned his revenge. Before he died, he heard the merry prattle of a little grandchild, and it was music to his ears.

"I almost hated to look round the howrizen, fer I knowed that that warn't a tree nor a rock es big as my thumb in sight, but I did look, an' found it jess."

"Well we started, me an' the mustang, fer the longest an' the hardest ride I ever had afore or since."

"For three hours I hit the poor fell'r up purty well, by easin' with knee an' bit, but arter he begun to labor along, an' once or twice he stumbled in the hog wallers an' rubbed his nose in the dirt."

"When I see that I knowed it war all up. Fer the last hour I hedn't looked behind. I war afraid to do it, an' when I says afraid, I means it."

"But the rumblin', an', boys, it ar the awfules sound that a man ever heard, war gittin' so loud that I had to glance back'ard, an' when I did I like to hev fell out the saddle."

"They war so clost that I could see that red eyes an' long tongues hangin' out, rollin' an' tumblin' an' crashin' ahead, with a noise along side my which thunder or a norther ain't a patchin'."

"Twar a whoppin' drove. It reched out on both sides, es I told you afore, es far as I could see, an' the tail end uv'em war still away back on the howrizen, from what they had come."

"I thought I would try the shootin' trick, an' so I turned in the saddle an' th'rowd the head feller."

"Lordy! it didn't make no more differ-

ence an' I hed throwed an Injun turnip at 'em."

"Well, fer the next mile the race war awful close."

"The mustang war played out, teetotally, an' arter staggerin' two or three hundred yards further, he dropped, rolled over on his side, an' kicked out."

"It warn't no time to think. I couldn't



THE DEATH SHOT.

cially when, arter they hav got fa'rly started on the'r tramps, suthin', mebby a perrainy afire, mebby the Injuns, or mebby jess makin' tharin' at all, 'cept the'r cussed bull-headedness, stampedes the hull lot."

"But, Jim, they can't be so fearful when there's half a dozen ways of getting clear of them if they catch a fellow in a fix," said one of the young fellows.

"Half a dozen ways uv gitting clair ur 'em, ar' that?" sneered the trapper. "Yes, ef you b'leve what them fellers puts in the books an' s'ch things, thar Jess ain't no danger at all. An' much they knows about the thing. I tell you thet when a man is ketched on the perrainy by a stampede, unless his mustang ar' a tramp, an' timber or the hills nigh, he ar' a goner nine times outen ten an' more too."

"To hear 'em talk 'bout gitthin' down an' throwin' the leadin' biff'er an' makin' 'em standin' on both sides! Waugh! it makes me sick! Some on you try it onc't, an' I'll be 'em, thes is, ef he ar' fixed same as I war."

"The biggest foolthing I ever did sence I began trappin', war to start out one year all by myself, to try it on my own hook so that thar wouldn't be no dividin' uv pets at the end."

"Were you ever caught by a stampede, Jim?" asked one around the fire.

"Yes, I war, half a dozen uv times, but never very bad but onc't. Ef you like I'll tell you fellor how a man kin git away from 'em, thes is, ef he ar' fixed same as I war."

"The biggest foolthing I ever did sence I began trappin', war to start out one year all by myself, to try it on my own hook so that thar wouldn't be no dividin' uv pets at the end."

"It war the lonesomest work as I ever undertook, an' afore I hed been on the range half a month, I determined to cache my traps an' what pets I hed, sn' ride over to Watkins, a couple uv yens hundred to the southard, an' git a pardner."

"Toards noon, I war joggin' along comfor'able like, thinkin' what a fool I hed been, an' how I mout 'a' saved myself this ride when I suddenly see the mustang prick up his ears, an' look off to the east'ard as though he hed made a diskivry."

"You all know that a mustang, when he sees the perrainys all his life, knows the signs, an' when I observed mine lookin' around like that I knowed suthin' war in the wind."

"It didn't take me half a day to see what it war, nuther, an' I felt my heart give a big

thump ag'in' my ribs fer I knowed what war up, and I knowed besides that the mustang war tired.

"O'er to the east'ard, jess along what the sky struck the airth, I b'leevit it ar' called the howrizen, I see a long black line, reachin' out both ways jess as far es my eye could see, an' thet ain't no little distance."

"Twar a biff'er, an' they war on the move, stamped at that, es I could tell, by 'em gittin' bigger so fast."

"The mustang war tremblin' all over by this time, an' tryin' to twist his head round o'erther way. He wanted ter git, an' you better bleeve I didn't try ter pervent him much."

"I almost hated to look round the howrizen, fer I knowed that that warn't a tree nor a rock es big as my thumb in sight, but I did look, an' found it jess."

"Well we started, me an' the mustang, fer the longest an' the hardest ride I ever had afore or since."

"For three hours I hit the poor fell'r up purty well, by easin' with knee an' bit, but arter he begun to labor along, an' once or twice he stumbled in the hog wallers an' rubbed his nose in the dirt."

"When I see that I knowed it war all up. Fer the last hour I hedn't looked behind. I war afraid to do it, an' when I says afraid, I means it."

"But the rumblin', an', boys, it ar the awfules sound that a man ever heard, war gittin' so loud that I had to glance back'ard, an' when I did I like to hev fell out the saddle."

"They war so clost that I could see that red eyes an' long tongues hangin' out, rollin' an' tumblin' an' crashin' ahead, with a noise along side my which thunder or a norther ain't a patchin'."

"Twar a whoppin' drove. It reched out on both sides, es I told you afore, es far as I could see, an' the tail end uv'em war still away back on the howrizen, from what they had come."

"I thought I would try the shootin' trick, an' so I turned in the saddle an' th'rowd the head feller."

"Lordy! it didn't make no more differ-

ence an' I hed throwed an Injun turnip at 'em."

"Well, fer the next mile the race war awful close."

"The mustang war played out, teetotally, an' arter staggerin' two or three hundred yards further, he dropped, rolled over on his side, an' kicked out."

"It warn't no time to think. I couldn't

AT LONG BRANCH BY THE SEA.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

IT wasn't many and many a year ago, at